

THE
COUNTRY LASSES:

OR, THE

Custom of the Manor.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

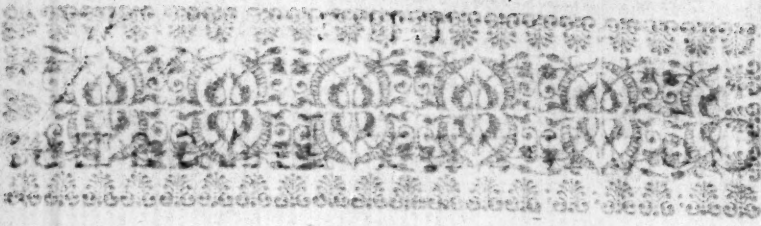
THEATRES.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

Nosira nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia.
Virg.

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISK,
GEORGE EWING, and WILLIAM SMITH,
Booksellers, in *Dame's-street*, 1727.

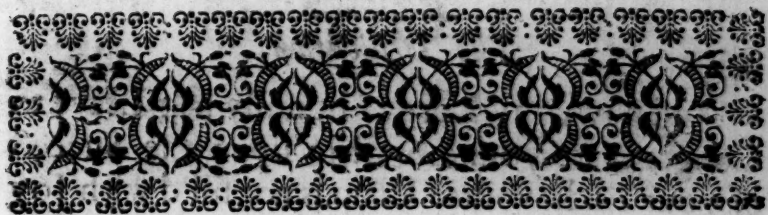


To the Right Honourable the

East of CLARE

1945

[illegible]



To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *CLARE*.

My LORD,

I Humbly Desire Your Protection for the following Scenes from the Rage of a Despairing Faction, who are now become so tender as to take Offence at Metaphors, and are unable to endure the Touch even of a Poetical Figure. The Epilogue, design'd to send our Friends in good Humour from the Play, disobligh'd some People extremely, and they attempted to Damn the Comedy for an Innocent Allegory, as if it were presumptuous to imagine there had been a *Seperate Peace*; but every *Honest Briton* was warm'd in the Cause of Truth, and defended it with uncommon Ardour.

Your Lordship has bravely Entered the Lists against the Enemies of our Constitution; You have with the warmest Heart and the most steddý Courage labour'd in the Cause of Liberty, and are at length gloriously Rewarded in the Happiness of your Country; all that your generous Spirit proposed for the most unwearied Diligence at the Expence of your Health and Fortune.

The Dedication.

And now, my Lord, I humbly beg Leave to Congratulate your Lordship upon the Success of your Endeavours: Who is not fill'd with Joy when he sees those Names again in Parliament who have constantly defended the Liberties not only of *Britain*, but of all *Europe*, against the Malice and Ambition of some Men who prevailed upon the People to contend for *Slavery*? But their Attempts have proved ineffectual; and now if they will not vouchsafe to be free, we thank Providence they must serve Abroad.

May your Lordship still Continue to be as You have begun, a shining Ornament to your Noble Name and Country, and may all our young Nobility be animated by your great Example with the same honest Publick Zeal for the Common Good; so shall our thrice happy Constitution be preserved on the present Establishment to all Posterity, so shall *Britain* Recover, and for ever hold the Ballance of the *Western World*, so shall it forever be her glorious Task to Defend her self and the Nations round her from Tyranny and Oppression.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant,

Cha. Johnson.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Miss Younger.

Make me to speak a Prologue? Is he wild?
A Prologue! Lord, are Prologues for a Child?
Such Heathen Words! so hard to bring 'em pat in,
The Drama—Athena—God knows how much Latin!
Then if I should mistake a Word, you know,
There's Mr. Wilks within would snub one so—
But I must do't.

Plays, like Ambassadors, in Form are shown,
When first they've publick Audience of the Town;
The Prologue ceremoniously harangues,
And moves your Pity for the Author's Pangs;
Acquaints you that he stands behind the Scenes,
And trembles for the Fondling of his Brains.

Or with—Nay if the Poet peeps, I woe
He puts me clearly out—Or with a Bow
(I mean a curtsey) [Curtfying.] beg the Lady's Pity;
Or else in thredbare Fests affront the City;
Or gravely tell you what you knew before
How Ben and Shakespear wrote in Days of Yore:
Then damn the Criticks first, that envious Train,
Who, right or wrong, resolve to damn again.

Our Author seeks, like Bards of—of—Oh! Greece
To make his Play and Prologue of a piece;
He leads you to the Rural Scenes, to prove
The Country Bargain still is Love for Love.
O Covent Garden! nursery of Ills!

Fam'd for Consumption both of Wit---and Pills:
Who wou'd not quit thy Walks and Vice in Fashion,
The Doubts and Fears of mercenary Passion.

For safe complying Nymphs, unknowing Sinners,
A Feast of unbought Love in cleanly Pinnars!

Hold---what comes next? [Looking on a Paper.] I'll never
say't, in short---

We've bigger Actresses are fitter for't.
---Lord, how you laugh! as 'twere some naughty Joke,
Sure there's no Wickedness in what I spoke.

How should I say such things, who never knew
What Kissing meant, before I play'd Miss Prue?

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Heartwell, *in Love with Flora.*

Modely.

Freehold.

Sir John English.

Lurcher, *Nephew to Sir John.*

Sneak, *a Taylor.*

Longbottom.

Carbuncle, *a Vintner.*

Tim. Shacklefigure.

Doublejugg.

Yultur.

W O M E N.

Flora.

Aura.

Country-men and Maids, &c.

SCENE *A Country Village about Forty
Miles from London.*

THE



THE
COUNTRY LASSES:
OR, THE
Custom of the Manor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an open Country in Prospective, with a Gentleman's Seat on a Hill, at the Foot of which is seen a Farm House.*

Enter Modely and Heartwell in Riding Habits, a Footman appearing, &c.

HEARTWELL.

LEAD our Horses round to the Farm House which stands yonder at the Foot o' the Hill.

Mode. We'll walk cross the Fields and meet you there.

Heart. You heard the Country Fellows say we were seven Miles from any Town; you know our Horses are so lame it will be impossible to travel on: You see the Sun is sinking from the Top of yonder Hill: Be content, George, to Night thou sha't have thy beloved Mistress Variety, and lie in a Barn, in a warm Barn upon a Truss of clean Straw--

The Country Lasses: Or,

Mode. With a wholesome Country Girl, whose Breath is sweeter than the Bloom of Violets, in a Straw Hat, a Kersey Gown, and a white Dimity Waistcoat, with Natural Red and White that innocently flushes over her Face, and shows every Motion of her Heart.

Heart. Thus thy Imaginations always cheat thee of thy Joys; no, no, if we get Credit for a Barn 'tis all I expect.— This is a Change in Life however.

Mode. True; we tread no more the same insipid Circle, Our Pains quicken our Pleasures, and Disappointments give Spirit to our Joys.

Heart. Hah! then a Man should be Sick to relish Health.

Mode. Therefore I hate London, where their Pleasures, like their Hyde-Park Circle, move always in one Round; where Yesterday, to Day, and to Morrow, are eternally the same; to the Chocolate-House, to Dinner, the Coffee-House, the Play-House, a Bottle, or a Wench; 'tis the Journey of a Dog in a Wheel, the Musick of a Country Fiddle, eternally vexing the Strings to thrum the same weary Notes.

Heart. Prithee no more, thy Raillery too is the same dull Dish serv'd over and over—thou hast no Appetite and raillest at a Feast.

Mode. Wherefore has Nature open'd this wild irregular Scene of various Pleasures; why given us Appetites, Passions, Limbs, but to possess, desire, enjoy her beautiful Creation; I'll travel over and taste every Blessing; nor wait 'till the tired Sense palls with Possession; but fly from Joy to Joy unsated, fresh for new Delights.

Heart. Do so; make your self as good an Entertainment as you can possibly form in Imagination, while I walk forward and endeavour to get a real Supper and a Bed.

[Going.]

Mode. Nay I'll go with you; you know I am no Platonick, in Love or Mutton I always fall too without Ceremony.

[Exeunt.]

Flora,

The Custom of the Manor.

3

Flora, Aura, and some Country Maids and Men Dancing
with a Fiddle before 'em, singing the Burthen of the Ballad:
The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-sheering go.

Aura. In short my Feet are out o' Measure, I am tir'd
with the Mirth o' the Day, and my weary Limbs hobble
after the Crowd like a tired Pack-horse to the lamentable
Musick of his own heavy Bells.

Flora. You have won the Garland o' the Green, the
Sheep-sheerers have given you the Honours of their Feast,
you must pay the Fees and Dance out o' their Debt.

Aura. Strike up then thou Torturer of Cats-guts; Clap
thy Ear and thy Hands to the Fiddle, and awake the Drow-
sie Strings. *Clodden*, once more take my Hand, if thou
darest to venture t'other Trip.

Clod. Aye with all my Heart, fair Maiden, I'll stand by
you to be sure as long as t'on Foot will stond by tother.

Aura. Away then.

[A Dance.]

1 *Count.* Cdsnigs, she Daunces fearly, hah, *Mall*, didst
thou ever see the peer o'en?

2 *Count.* Pray ye now who be thick Maidens who have
been so merry at our Feast to Day?

1 *Count.* Nayé, Nayé, I know 'em not, Neighbour
Clodden brought 'em, they been his Guests to be shure.

Clod. Now Lookee dee see to be shure we will have the
Sheep-sheering once again—and then it will be time to go
Home, the Sun is going to Bed already—Come, Neigh-
bour, dust it away.

The Sheep-sheering, a Ballad.

I.

When the Rose is in Bud and blue Violets blow,
When the Birds sing us Love-Songs on every Bough;
When Cowslips and Daisies and Daffadils spread,
And adorn and Perfume the green Flow'ry Mead:

When without the Plough

Fat Oxen Low,

The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-sheering go.

II.

The cleanly Milk Pail
As fill'd with brown Ale;

OH

The Country Lasses : Or,

*Our Table's the Grass ;
Where we Kiss and we Sing,
And we Dance in a Ring,
And every Lad has his Lass.*

III.

*The Shepherd sheers his jolly Fleece,
How much richer than that which they say was in Greece.*

*'Tis our Cloath and our Food,
And our Politick Blood ;
'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on ;
'Tis a Mine above Ground,
Where our Treasure is found,
'Tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.*

[*Exeunt Omnes, except Aura and Flora.*]

Aura. Cousin, I'll go to London.

Flora. What new Lure has Satan employ'd to tempt you thither ?

Aura. Only to see some of my own Species, a few Men and Women, for I cannot look on the Things we talk'd to just now but as Beings between Men and Beasts, and of an Inferior Nature to the People who grow in Cities; if I stay longer among these Savages, I shall not have Vanity enough to keep my self clean; I must go to *London* to recover my Pride, 'tis starving here.

Flora. And yet how often have I heard thee Rail at *London*, and call it an Infectious Congregation of Vapours, an Assemblage of Falshood and Hypocrisie ?

Aura. 'Tis true; but my Affections have taken another Turn; the Heart of Woman, Girl, like a Bowl down a Hill, continually changes as it rolls; 'tis a Glas that receives every Image, but retains none, the next new Idea wholly effaces the former; I declare seriously I never knew my own Mind two Hours together in my Life.

Flora. 'Tis a blank Sheet, and yet will receive no Impression; how often have I endeavour'd to Engrave there an Aversion to that abominable Town, where Credit is the Pawn of Knaves, and fattens upon the Avarice of Fools: Religion has been made the Politicians Bubble, and Honours publick Merchandize, and what ought to be the Distinction of Virtue, has been there made the Price of

Sin—

The Custom of the Manor.

3

Sin—The Tyrant Money governs all, there every thing is Venal, Faith, Fame, Friendship, Reason and Religion, nay Love, my Dear, Love is bought and sold there too.

Aura. O my Word you declaim Child like a Country School-master; yet after all, People bred in Society, who can talk and look, and lye and bow a little, are as much superior to these Clowns as Angels are to them.

Flora. Have you Courage enough to go barefaced into a Crowd, where every body wears a Mask?

Aura. No, I'll be in the Mode, and wear one too.

Flo. What, at the Price of Truth,—with us now every thing is unadorn'd by Art, and looks so beautiful in the Dreis of Nature, so innocent, simple and Undisguis'd—

Aura. Ay; but there is a sort of wearisom Dulness that waits upon your Simplicity: Now here we must travel seven Miles, seven long Miles at least, to a beggarly Country Village, which you pompously style our Market Town, where we may by chance see two Things that look like intelligent Beings, the Parson and the Attorney; or it may be some younger Brother of some Neighbouring Lord of the Manor, whose Face carries the Colour of the *October*, and his Shape of the Hoghead he feeds on, who drinks so constantly and so much, as if all the Religion he had been ever taught was, that Man was created to swallow a prodigious Quantity of Stale Beer.

Flora. Cousin, thou art a very wild Fop.

Aura. We are all so in our Hearts; what Girl, whose whole Composition is not Dough and Phlegm, wou'd quit the Management of her Fan for a Shepherdess's Crook, or gather Daisies in the Meads, and make Garlands for Lambs, when she may pick up Hearts in the Ring, and make Conquests of Men; or be content to behold the muddy Reflection of her own Face in a Pond, when she may glide thro' a Crowd of living Mirrors in the Drawing Room, and be flatter'd by the whole *Beau Monde*—But o my Conscience here they are!

Flora. What?

Aura. Men, my dear, Men—Human Creatures; look yonder, they move towards us, my Heart beats quick at the uncommon Sight, does not thine too? Be honest and tell Truth.

Flora.

Flora. Remember your Character, compose your self, put your Manners in your Pocket, and be a Clown for a Moment.

Aura. My Hands are set, my Eyes fix'd, I have a Blush at Command, I'll bite the Fingers of my Cotton Glove, and be as very a she Cudden as ever hopp'd round a May-pole.

Enter Modely and Heartwell, as Flora and Aura are going off.

Mode. Pretty Maidens stay one Moment, turn again and give your Assistance to two honest Fellows in Distress—our Horses are lame, 'tis late, we have lost our way.

Heart. And we wou'd know where; — she is intolerably handfom. [*Aside of Flora.*

Mode. We shall lie to Night — she is a sweet Girl. [*Aside of Aura.*

Flora. Sir, we buy, we don't sell Fortune; two Gypsies just now offer'd us a Pennyworth, they pass'd by those Elms, I believe you may o'ertake 'em.

Aura. Yes Sir, they will tell you what will happen to you exactly — good Evening. [*Going.*

Mode. Nay, if I part with you thus.

Heart. I am surpriz'd — such a Dialect: So much Beauty here too in a wild Country Hamlet — 'tis wonderful.

Mode. They have the perfect Mien of fine Ladies. *St. James's* in their Air.

Heart. Aye and their Habits too are Genteel tho' Rural. Don't let 'em go yet *Modely.*

Mode. No, no — you must not stir. [*Holding her.*

Aura. Pray, Sir, as you are a Gentleman —

Mode. Why you wou'd not leave us in a strange Place, Child?

Aura. We have no Title at all to you; if you are a couple of stray Cattle, all we can do is to bring you to the Constable.

Mode. And what then?

Aura. Why then he must cry you three Market Days, and if no Body owns you, you fall to the Lord o' the Manor.

Heart. to *Flora, to whom he has been talking.*] Stay one Moment, Dear Creature, vanish not immediately, if you wou'd not have me believe my self in a Vision, and go raving

The Custom of the Manor.

7

raving up and down, talking of Angels in Country Habits.

Flora. You have been talking all this while out o' my Compass: Pray, Sir, come down to my Understanding, mine you see is as plain as my Dress—"Tis downright Popery, to say your Prayers in an unknown Tongue.

Heart. I'll turn Catholick, any thing, so you'll be my Saint.

Flora. But can I grant your Prayer, if I don't understand your Petition?

Heart. Your Understanding is equal to your Form, for to say which excels is impossible, where both are perfect.

Flora. If I have any Understanding, don't Batter it with hard words, I know no Woman who is proof against Flattery; that Will with a Wisp leads us all astray; but I'll shut my Ears and take my self away from it instantly.

Heart. 'Tis impossible to see thee and not talk in Rap-ture.—Thou beautiful Robber, wou't thou Gagg me too?

Flora. It grows late: Pray give me my Hand: Let me go.

Heart. But one word more; who is the Inhabitant of that Farm House in the Bottom?

Aura. A four old Man, Sir, who when he is in a very good Humour, vouchsafes to call me Daughter.

Flora. And me, Cousin: There we live, Gentlemen, and are like to live fretting one another like Silk and Worsted wove together, till we quite wear out.

Heart. You have none of the Rust of the Country upon you—'tis wonderful you live polish'd among Savages. Neither your Words, your Mien, your Manners, nor any thing but your Habits, speak you what you wou'd appear.

Aura. My Father and the Vicar of our Parish taught us both to read and write; but indeed, Sir, my Father was born a Gentleman, and is by Accident only a Clown, for having in his Youth profusely squander'd a great Estate in London among common Friends and Mistresses, he took an Aversion to the Town, and turn'd his Sword into a Ploughshare.

Flora. 'Tis so, Gentlemen: In him you may see a thoughtless Rake degenerated into a plodding Farmer—only a few Books scatter'd carelessly about, keep alive the

Me

Memory of the Gentleman; and when a Recess from his daily Labour gives him Leave, he will read a Page or two in a Latin Satyrift, and as he smoaks his Pipe in our broad Chimney-corner, explain to us all the ill-natur'd things they say of Cities, Courts, and Polite Pleasures, as we call 'em, he declares he chose this Solitude to soften himself, and file off that Barbarity he had contracted by conversing with Mankind.

Heart. Is it impossible to see this sour *Cynic*?—I persuade my self we might receive those Seeds of Humanity that once liv'd within him, and get Entertainment in his Farm for one Night only: Especially if you wou'd be so good to use your Power too, and venture to intercede for a Stranger!

Flora. Sir, 'tis impossible! If you wore any Form but what you do,

Heart. Ask him only; Try a little; Use the Influence of your Eyes—Ask him with a Look of Pity, and 'tis impossible he shou'd deny you,

Flora. Aye; but I my self am not rightly satisfied; I fear.

Heart. Away with Fear, 'tis an Enemy to all that is brave or generous. Can we offend against all the Laws of Humanity, Honour, Hospitality? I swear there's an awful Charm in your Eyes, wou'd stop the burning Rage of a drunken Libertine.

Flora. Ah! no more o' that I beg you—[To *Aura*] Shall we ask?

Aura. Will you venture?

Flora. I am half afraid! if you wou'd second me.

Aura. Never fear, my Girl: I'll stand bravely by thee—Gentlemen, we'll endeavour to prevail, and you shall have an Answer in the turn of a Second.

[*Exeunt Flora and Aura.*
Modely and Heartwell.

Heart. What a couple of Jewels are here in Rustic Work?

Mode. I never beheld anything so Charming!

Heart. What a Shape, a Neck, a Chest.

Mode. An Air, a Mien, an Instep, a Foot.

Heart.

The Custom of the Manor.

9

Heart. Why, you don't mean my Girl?

Mode. Nor you mine. I hope.

Heart. Mine is the most beautiful Piece of Flesh and Blood.

Mode. Mine is the Sweetest most Angelical little Rogue.

Heart. Her Hair is dark Brown, her Eyes are two black Globes of living Light—Diamonds of the first Water.

Mode. Her Breath is sweeter than a new-made Hay-cock, I had rather look upon her than enjoy a Toast.

Heart. I never saw any thing in a Brocade so gentle.

Mode. I am stark mad for a Dimity Petty coat.

Heart. Ten Thousand.

Mode. Pray give me leave, Sir, her—

Heart. I tell you, Sir: Ten thousand thousand *Cupids* play in every Ringlet of her Hair, Millions of little Loves wanton in her Eyes, Myriads of Graces sip *Nectar* from her Lips, infinite nameless bewitching Beauties revel in every Feature of her transporting Face, 'tis extream Pleasure to see her, 'tis Rapture to hear her, when she smiles I am in an Extasie--And all beyond, *George*, all beyond are unutterable Joys.

Mode. Unspeakable Pleasures.

Heart. Ah Rogue, Rogue; what a lucky Night is this.

[*Embracing one another.*]

Mode. If we get in.

Heart. If we have Entrance—Hold here they come, and old *Crabtree* with 'em.

Enter Freehold, Flora, and Aura.

Free. Oh hoh—perhaps these are some of my *Covent Garden* Acquaintance.

Flora. I can't tell; but they have waited a great while for an Answer.

Free. Let 'em wait with a Murrian.

Flora. Please, Sir, to say Ay or No.

Free. No, then, no—Burn my House and Barns, send the Murrian among my Cattle, the Mildew in my Corn and the Blight in my Fruit—but let no *London* Plagues come withing my Doors----What has bewitch'd you to ask such a Question?

Flora. They desire in common Humanity as they are Gentlemen.

Free.

Free. Gentlemen---Hah! Why they are the Bane of your Sex. The Devil did less Mischief in the Form of the Serpent to *Eve*, than in that to her Daughters--- A Woman's Reputation is always lost when 'tis ventur'd---but these are profess'd Sharpers, who never play upon the Square for Beauty, and are worse Enemies to it than old Age or the Small-Pox.

Aura. We are guarded, Sir, by you-----by your Instructions.

Free. Hah; true Daughter of the first Woman. Well! I'll talk with 'em to oblige you---where are they?

Flora. There they are, Sir: they look like sober, Civil, honest Gentlemen, and not as if they came from *London*.

Free. Now I think they look like a Deputation from the Cuckoldmakers of the Corporation.

Mode. to *Free.*] Sir, the unexpected Occasion of this Trouble-----

Free. Oons, Sir, speak Truth, I know what you are pumping for a pretty Excuse for an unseasonable Visit---I have not told one Lye in Complement these thirty Years.

Heart. Nor heard one neither?

Free. No, Sir, nor heard one; here we only make up a few necessary Lyes for a Market Day or so.

Mode. But we wou'd only say in plain Words.

Free. I'll tell you what honourable Design you two have clubb'd for in plain Words, your Horses were to fall lame, you were to be benighted, and making use of my Humanity for Entrance into my House you very honestly hope for an Opportunity to ruin my Family; ask your Consciences, is it not so? Ha!

Heart. We confess the Charge is too generally true but we beg leave to be excepted, and declare such Practices, whatever Habits Men wear, call 'em Villains---However, if 'tis impossible to gain Credit with you-----

Free. Whence came you?

Heart. From *London*.

Free. From *London*, so I thought again, the Mart of Iniquity, *Satan's* chief Residence; he picks up a Vagabond Soul or two now and then with us, but he Monopolises there.

Heart;

Heart. What drove you first from *London*?

Free. Millions of Impertinents; I cou'd not bear to dance Attendance in the Antichambers, and catch Cold on the Stair-Cases of false tricking Courtiers; nor endure to be bespatter'd by the Chariot of an Uplart, a Mushroom, who finds himself, he does not know how, by a Figure in a Lottery, a turn of a Dye, or the Folly of a Woman, metamorphos'd into a Gentleman, and solling in the Chariot that his Father drove--- I cou'd not pay my Court to a Quality Ideot of the last Edition, I had not Patience to attend the Burlesque Rhodomontades of a Lye in Red, nor the nauseous flattery of an Atheist in Black.

Heart. Ah, Sir, *London* is chang'd since your pious Days; then indeed there was too great an Indulgence given to Libertines.

Free. Aye 'tis chang'd truly, I hear what your Modern *London* is; we were Lewd indeed in our Days, but then even Lewdness had Propriety; but of late they say your Fools set up for Rakes, and Rakes for Politicians; nay even now you may see there Sharpers in brush'd Beavers and Bobs, and Cullies in long Wigs and Swords; and instead of changing honest Staple for Gold and Silver, you deal in Bears and Bulls only; you have Women who are Chast and yet wou'd appear Lewd, and you have Saints that are Sinners; in short 'tis a very wicked Town, your Parsons Stockjob, and your Wenches Pray ---

Mode. But what is all this to the World of Love and Wit, and Gallantry, old *Diogenes*?

Free. Your very Beaus, they say, now give way to your Wittlings; and you may hear Fops in Understanding rail at those of Dress--- Who can with Patience bear a Coxcomb that supports the Credit of his Parts by retailing of Wit, who makes a Feast in the City, with the good things as he calls 'em, the Scraps that he steals from Court, and insults his Intimates with a sto'en Understanding who really believes himself a useful Creature for keeping up the Circulation of Wit.

Heart. Those Gentlemen have Breviates for Wits; and while they attend a Vacancy serve as Cadets.

Mode. But, Sir, to our purpose; is there no Security to be taken for one Night only?

B:

Free.

Free. There is; but 'tis in my own Hands, if you'll accept the Terms; lookee Gentlemen, I have one faithful Friend in the World, 'tis honest *Towser*, a true bred Mastiff, one who never scrapes or kisses my Hand but in honest Truth; who will stand by me with his best Blood. Now he does me the Favour to lye every Night at my Bed's Foot; I am likewise Master of a Brace of large boned Threshers; and these three have been the Guardians of my Farm these ten Years; they have no more Respect than I for a long Wig and a Sword—You know the rest; if I hear the Covies squeak I'll send the Hunt abroad, I'll ha' no Poaching, no Tunnelling, no driving in the Dark.

Heart. Sir, we accept your Terms; he that intends no Wrong, fears none.

Free. There then enter—There lies your way.

[*Exe. Free. Modely and Heartwell, into the Farm.*]

Flora and Aura.

Flora. Laud, Cousin, he has taken 'em both in.

Aura. I tremble so, I don't know what to do.

Flora. it was your Fault.

Aura. You were bewitch'd to ask him.

Flora. Why did not you advise me to the contrary?

Aura. Oh Dear, my Heart beats.

Flora. Ay, it beats to Arms Child, the Garrison is besieg'd.

Aura. Come let's in—Courage.

Flora. These are your doings, you wild little Colt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *the Inside of the Farm.*

Freehold, Modely and Heartwell.

Free. Forget you have been within the Walls of a City, and we shall agree well enough.

Heart. But, Sir, do you never, never intend to see *Landon* again?

Free. Never, never, I tell you.

Heart. Why so, Sir?

Free. I gave you my Reasons—But I'll repeat 'em to please you. I am unqualify'd for Conversation there.

—**L**

—I have not slavish Complaisance enough to work up every Muscle to a forced Smile, and court the no Jest of a wealthy Fool in hopes to see my Name in the Codicil of his Will—I cannot be ravish'd with the young Graces of a super-annuated Beauty, who forgets she has not one Tooth in her Head for which she is not in Debt; in short, there is not a Creature among you wears his natural Shape, your Cullies wou'd be thought Sharpers, and your Sharpers Cullies; your noisie roaring Boys are Cowards, and your brave Men silent; Ugliness is exactly dress'd, and Beauty in Dis-habille—The few Virtues you have you hide, and affect Crimes to be agreeable—In a Word, you are all false, double faced execrable Hypocrites. Come, will you drink a Cup of brown Ale before you eat?

Heart. I thank you, Sir, but I am not thirsty now.

Free. Oons, do you never drink but when you are adry—We have none o' your Lemonade or Sherbet here, Man—No, nor your to'ther wassy thin Potation, call'd *French* Wine, that Brewer of false Love and Politicks: We live upon *English* Beef and Beer, the Staple of our own Country.

Heart. And every honest *Briton* ought to encourage it.

Free. Right Boy: Come, will you smoak a Pipe before Supper; a Pipe is the best Whet in the World.

Mode. No—by no Means.

Free. Oh hoh—it will spoil your kissing.

Mode. Pray, Sir, who is the Lord of your Manor here?

Free. We have no Lord, Sir, we have a Lady.

Mode. A Lady!

Free. Aye, Sir, she lives at the great House on the Hill above, with an old Knight her Kinsman, whose Estate joins to hers; one Sir *John English* a Gentleman of right old-fashion'd Hospitality: He has only one Fault, he is a little too fond of your Quality: He was at Court in his Youth, where he had a superficial View of the Glare and Gaiety of the Place; and now he doats upon every thing that comes from thence; he is particularly civil to a Page; he has a wonderful Veneration for a Squire o' the Body; a Knight gives him great Joy, and he is ravish'd with a Lord.

Mode. A very odd Humour: But as to the Lady of your Manor?

B. 2.

Free.

Free. Ay, there's a Lady, a Miracle, she has Youth and Beauty, and 2000 *l.* a Year, and yet has the Use of all her Limbs; she will walk you four Miles before the Sun is up, and come home with natural Colours on her Face got by wholesome Exercise. She uses no Face Phsyick, she is none of your Town Daubers that are in Danger of losing their Complexions for a Kifs, no, she looks like the blooming Rose, and is as sweet as the Breath of the Morning.

Mode. Was she never marry'd, Sir?

Free. No, the old Colonel her Father, Sir *Fred. Beauville* --- a worthy Man he was, left her and her Estate free; and she says she will keep 'em both so: She hates London, your Men and your Manners.

Mode. And so she is settled, as the Timber upon her Estate, for Life with her old Kinsman?

Free. Yes, there they live together, and let me tell you, the old hospitable Genius of England seems reviv'd in them; they are of almost as much Benefit to their Neighbours as the Sun and Rain, a general Good--- Well! But come into this Room and drink a Cup of Ale, nay I will have it so.

Mode. We'll follow you.

Free. What you see the Wenches coming, remember our Articles, or *Tomser's* the Word. [Exit.]

Modely and Heartwell, enter to them Flora and Aura.

Mode. Hah, my Damosella once again, I'll kill thee my dear little Thief with Kisses.

Aura. Then I shall be the first Maid that ever died that Death, and deserve to be buried with my Face downwards; tho' I have known many a big Fellow brag of his Victories, who durst never draw his Sword.

Mode. But I have fought many a Duel.

Aura. And did you always conquer?

Mode. No, sometimes it has been a drawn Battle: But now I'll be victorious or dye. [Kisses and hugs her.]

Aura. Laud--- Lud you do so touse and rumple ones Cloaths; you Men are the strangest Creatures---

Mode. You Women have the most whimsical Fancies--- whither do you run--- what, I must follow you?

Aura. If you have Courage, the old Dragon is in the next Room.

Mode.

Mode. Pox o' the Dragon; I am a Knight Errant, and 'tis my Business to conquer Dragons.

Aura. Come on then, *Hercules* the second!

[*Exit Mode and Aura.*]

Heartwell and Flora.

Heart. Hear me; let me swear to you, fair Maids!

Flora. What is it you wou'd swear; that you love me?

Heart. More than Life, Joy, Health or Liberty, my whole Soul darts thro' my Eyes in Transport to behold you, every Atom is in Arms, my Blood gallops thro' my Veins; I am all Air while I talk to you.

Flora. I am afraid your Zeal is not of the right Sort, but like the Agitation of those false Prophets, who fancy themselves inspir'd from above, when they are only actuated below; this is not Warmth but Wind, all Bubble, Vapour.

Heart. You shou'd forgive a small Delirium to a Wretch in a Fever.

Flora. I can forgive a Mad-man, but I won't regard him.

Heart. Wou'd you not pity and cure him, if you could?

Flora. Then you wou'd be cured of Love?

Heart. By Possession of what I die for.

Flora. True Possession cures Love, as Death does Diseases.

Heart. By those immortal Eyes, 'twill make mine live for ever.

Flora. No, no, 'twill die suddenly; Love's an Ague, and the cold Fit certainly succeeds the hot.

Heart. Do you believe no Man is constant?

Flora. I don't know, if one were to mould you; make you as one does one's Cloath's, or so.

Heart. Make me, mould me as you please; fancy the Man you wou'd have in Idea.

Flora. I believe indeed I shall never have a Man any otherwile than in Idea. — But no more Flourishes I pray you, Sir, we have convers'd in Figure ever since we saw one another; and you know, tho' one might like to smell to a Rose Nosegay now and then —

Heart. One does not care to feed upon a Rose!

Flora. Come then let us clear up at once; and talk common Sense to one another.

Heart. Agreed!

Flora.

Flora. So be it!

Heart. Why then really I never liked a Woman better in my Life.

Flora. I think you are something more than tolerable, I was going to say an agreeable Fellow.

Heart. Do you like me?

Flora. As I might a Picture.

Heart. Do you take me only for the Shadow of a Man?

Flora. To me no more, for I look on this Accident only as the idle Delusion of a Morning's Dream.

Heart. Then let me wake thee into real Happiness, the little God of Love, shall wanton in thy Heart, as he now plays and revels in thy Eyes.

Flora. Hold! hold! You are running back into Metaphor; why this is downright Poetry --- Pray come to common Sense again.

Heart. That is very true; to be short then, Whereabouts is your Bed-chamber?

Flora. Pho! now you talk idly.

Heart. Do you lie alone, Child?

[*Kissing her.*]

Flora. Why are you so impertinent?

Heart. Why are you so coy?

Flora. What then it seems you do certainly assure your self that, having kiss'd me, squeez'd my Hand, and sigh'd out a few unnecessary fine things, I shall fall plumb into your Arms as Cats get Birds by gazing at 'em?

Heart. Come, my Love, this Dialect is as affected as t'other; take this Jewel, accept it, wear it as a Token of the most pure Affection; you shall live with me, command me and my Fortune, I'll take you from this Cottage and this odd old Man, and you shall live as your Beauty and your Wit demand you shou'd, in all the various Pleasures this gay World can give you.

[*Embracing her.*]

Flora. Here, Sir, take your Toy again; I thank you humbly for the mighty Favour; I sell no Beauty! --- What wou'd you barter with me for my self --- Bribe me out of my Person --- 'tis poorly, done; but know, Sir, I have a Heart within that proudly tells me, no Price shall ever buy it: But is it honest in you to tempt that Innocence you shou'd protect? Reason distinguishes Man, from Beasts and

Virtue

Virtue Men from Men: Now as you boast of Birth and virtuous Ancestors, and wou'd wear those Honours as your lawful Merit; think, reflect; are your Intentions agreeable to Justice, Honour, Gratitude? You wrong your self as well as me; farewell. [Exit.

Heartwell alone.

She has stung me to the Soul with her too just Reproaches; I am conscious and asham'd of my Crime; her Virtues, like her Beauties, stood at first so silently within her, so unstir'd by the least Air of Vanity, she look'd as if she knew 'em not; and yet when the last Injury provok'd 'em, they flush'd and swell'd her heighten'd Features with such pointed Indignation—It is not to be born—My Heart burns within me—She sinks into my Mind—I must have her, tho' at the Price of Liberty—I'll marry her, but what will the World say—I'll renounce it; I'll abjure it;

*I'll give her all my future Life, and prove,
Like Anthony, the World well lost for Love.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lurcher, Hawkwell, Vultur, Carbuncle a Vintner, Longbottom a Peruke-maker, and Sneak a Taylor.

Lurch. **A**H Vultur! Love and the Dice have undone me; I have pursued *Angelica*, and my bad Fortune, to the last Farthing. What must I do? Dishonour waits upon Necessity, and he that keeps his Virtue when he is poor is a Hero indeed.—Yet I'll endeavour, I'll struggle hard, and not part with the Gentleman while 'tis possible to preserve him.

Vult. What do you mean to do with these hungry Rascals, who follow you thus for their Debts?

Lurch. To pay 'em.

Vult. When?

Lurch. To morrow.

Vult. Which way?

Lurch. My Uncle shall lend me the Money.

Vult.

Vult. Good!

Lurch. Aye, my Uncle Sir *John English*, who inhabits the great House with the Turret o' Top there. He shall lend me the Money, then will I discharge these clamorous Thieves, and be sawcy to them in my Turn.

Vult. You rave; why, your Uncle has not seen you these ten Years, nor can be prevail'd upon to trust you even with Subsistence. What do you mean?—

Lurch. Why, he shall lend me the Money, and not know he lends it me; I'll extort it from him by the Violence of Stratagem; I'll stare him full in the Face, and make him believe I oblige him when I receive the Money.—

Vult. Riddles! Riddles!

Sneak. I pray you, Master *Lurcher*, indeed now; you know I have waited a long time, a most scandalous long time for my Money, and your Bill lengthens and lengthens every Day; upon my word, I shall not be able to hold out.— Besides, here you have dragled me a long way, and told me I should be pay'd by your Uncle; and alas-a-day, 'tis an idle Tale, a Flim-flam, for you dare not so much as look towards the Gates of his House— No, he won't see you it seems; I wish I were at home again— Here have you brought us into a cursed Country, where we can neither get Victuals nor Sleep.—

Carb. Pho Pox, this is very silly; is this your Land of *Canaan* that you talk'd of, that flow'd with Strong Beer and Chines of Beef?

Lurch. Have Patience, old fiery Face, thy Nose shall have Comfort presently.—

Carb. Patience! Demme *Dick*, which way now shall I come by my Money?— You know I love you, you roaring young Dog, you know I do;— but here now, here's a hundred Pounds due for clean Claret, besides Money lent, hard neat Money.— Reckonings paid, Coach-hire, Suppers at your Lodgings, and Ladies Fees.— How the Devil do you imagine now, *Dick Lurcher*, that I shall pay the Merchant— Why, you will force me to break and turn Gentleman— It will never do.

Long. Sir, I would in the most submissive Manner imaginable.—

Lurch.

Lurch. So, so, what! all upon the Hunt at once— One, Word, Gentlemen.

Long. You know very well the last Tye-up I sold you, was as light and bright as Silver, and as strong as Wire With a fine flowing, large, open Curl; I reckon you but 12 Pieces for it, and upon my Soul, my Lord *Lanshorn* *Jowl* would have paid me as much for it in ready Gold.

Lurch. And why would you not take his Money?

Long. Because it did not suit his Complexion.

Lurch. Why, what was that to thee, Puppy?

Long. Ah, Sir, his dark Olive Face would have thrown a Shade upon the Brightness of the Hair, I should have lost all my Credit. Now, Sir, if a Gentleman does but wear one's Work well, and become it,— I must needs say that for your Worship.

Lurch. Well, Gentlemen, here you are, and I thank you for your Attendance to my Uncle's. I wish I had Interest enough in my own Person to desire you to walk in and refresh; but that is impossible.

Carb. Why, what do you think I'll lie in the Fields *Dick*? No, no, I'll have a Drachma, and a Jug of his Stingo too; What, I'll try the Interest of my own Face rather than fail.

Lurch. Thy Face! nay, 'tis Time indeed, the Lights in thy Face, *Carbuncle*, begin to burn blue, and if thou dost not get some Fewel for them, they will go out in utter Darkness— Look ye, Gentlemen, my Fellow-Travellers and Friends, if you will agree to a Project I have, and be content to act your Parts in it, I will engage you all a Lodging, and the best Entertainment in the House: Nay, perhaps your Money too.

Speak. I pray you what is this Project, Mr. *Lurcher*, tho' I own I have no great Opinion of Projects or Projectors.

Carb. Demme, *Dick*, what is it? I love Projects and Whims wonderfully.

Long. I always said; upon my Soul I did always affirm that he was a very fine Gentleman, tho' really I hope this Project will produce a Bed and a Supper, for I am somewhat hungry.

Lurch. Doubt it not, Gentlemen: You and all the World know the Character of Sir *John English*; He is excessively
C fond

fond of Quality, and piques himself upon being the most Hospitable Man in the Country.

Carb. And what then?

Lurch. Why then I have a Mind to put the Change upon him.

Carb. Change upon him! How?

Lurch. Why, I will be a Man of Quality, I'll clap a Blue Ribbon cross my Shoulders, and a Patch upon my Face; and if you will assist me so far, if you will condescend so low to be thought part of my Equipage, why we will come rattling to his Gates, and be receiv'd with as much Joy and Ceremony as if we were really what we appear'd.

Carb. Egad, I approve it wonderfully. We'll revel in October and Roast-beef.

Long. Upon my Soul a very elegant Design. — You'll wear your Full-bottom.

Sneak. But how will this help us to our Money, Mr. Lurcher?

Carb. Why, his Lordship will take the Knight to Piquet after Supper, and bite him.

Lurch. No, no, Sir *John* never plays; I have a more honourable Design than that, I assure you.

Carb. What is it? Out with it my little Bully Boy.

Lurch. Why, when all the Family are fast asleep, we will clap on our Masking Suits and Vizors.

Carb. And rob the House; very good!

Sneak. Oh laud, rob the House; why, what do you think I'll be hang'd for your Projects!

Lurch. No, my Hogthead of Iniquity, no; we will bind them in their Beds, and one another afterwards, and yet not rob the House of a Shilling.

Carb. To what purpose should you bind them then?

Lurch. Don't inquire further before-hand. — I beg you only to trust me with the Conduct of this Affair.

I'll venture my Life I shall bring you all off safe: I have in our Coach, which stands by the Road-side, every thing that can be necessary for the Execution of our Design.

Nay, nay, — don't let thy Courage sink, now we are upon Action Lad.

Sneak.

The Custom of the Manor.

21

Sneak. I desire to be excus'd; I will not engage in it.

Carb. I'll slice if you matter, I'll demolish—— what! do you mutiny? Go on, *Dick*, we'll follow you to the end of the World.

Lurch. Along then, my Lads of Mettle; be firm and united, and I will be answerable for the success. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *The Court-Yard to Sir John English's House; Sir John unbutton'd, without his Hat, and Timothy Shackle-figure his Steward.*

Sir John. Good now! Good now. *Timothy!* have you inquir'd what is become of Cousin *Betty* all this Day, and her Companion, her little Gossiping Tittle-tattle Friend

—— *Hah, Timothy!*

Shackle. An it shall please your Worship's Worship after the most painful Inquisition in pursuance of your Worship's Commands, I am not able to discover what your Worship might——

Sir John. Prithee don't Worship me so much, but for Form sake, *Timothy*, tell me whither they are gone?

Shackle. Really that I cannot say, but the two young Ladies were seen to walk forth this Morning with our very wise Neighbour Farmer Freehold.

Sir John. So! but they left word they would return.

Shackle. I am not able particularly to affirm so much.

Sir John. Now the Pox take thee, for a formal *Anna Domini* Blockhead.

Tim. Give me leave to assure your Worship that without Form and Order——

Sir John. Tell me where they are gone, or I'll break thy strange Pate.

Tim. Really, if your Worship bruises me into Death, I shall most willingly perish for the Truth, nor will I discover more unto your Worship than I know.——

Sir John. Get you out o' my Sight, you confounded Multiplication Puppy; yet stay a little; this Fellow ruffles me so every Day with his most abominable Circumbendibus Phrases.—— Well, Cousin *Betty* is a fine Girl, she has 2000 l. a Year.—— Ah, if my Nephew *Lick* were not the most profligate Rogue.—— But he may reform one time or

other; she will never marry without my Advice, that is certain.—Hark thee, thou Numerical Coxcomb: Inquire if they expect the Girls home at Supper: I'll take a turn or two in the Hall.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Lurcher and four of his Creditors as the Equipage of a Nobleman, and Vultur as his Running Footman.

Sneak. Laud my Heart sinks: I sweat and tremble already, I shall never hold out.

Carb. You Pin-hearted Puppy, recal your Courage, or I'll demolish you; what, wou'd you Ruin our whole Affair?

Sneak. Well dear Carbuncle, be peaceable, I will strive.

Lurch. Tom Vultur, how does his Grace become me? Does the Man of Quality sit easie upon the Rake?

Vult. Admirably, you look as if you were made for a Blue Ribbon.

Lurch. And you flatter me as if I were one—To Business Lads, to Business—Do you Tom Vultur, you who represent my Running Footman, Trot before and prepare the Old Knight to receive us. If I can carry my Design in this Habit and Equipage.

[Exit Vult.]

Carb. We'll Drink and Wench, and Roar eternally, our whole Lives shall run round in a Circle of Mirth.

Lurch. Joy shall be the Jack, Pleasure the Byass, and we'll rowl after Happiness till the last Moment of Life,

Carb. Without one Rub in the Carpet, Boys.

Longb. With your Favour, Squire, how comes this Sir John English, who treats and entertains all, and is so very proud of being Hospitable, to take no Care of you? you say, you never personally offended him.

Lurch. Never; but I'll tell you: My Father, his Sister's Husband, dy'd 2000 l. in his Debt, for which he religiously determin'd to Punish me his Heir. At my Father's Death I was ten Years Old, but from that Time no Intercession cou'd prevail with this obstinate old Mule so much as to see me. But we have no Time to lose in Words—Come on my Boys, now let us give Order for the Coach to drive gently up the Hill—By this Time, Sir John I hope is ready to receive us.

[Exeunt.]

Sir

The Custom of the Manor.

25

Sir John English walking in his Hall: Vultur comes blowing in, as a Running Footman.

Vult. Hoh—Phu! Phu! with your Pardon, Sir, with your Pardon; Phu, Phu.

Sir John. How now, Pumps Dimity, and 60 Miles a Day, whose Greyhound are you?

Vult. Phu, Phu; do you know, or can you give me any Information, Phu.

Sir John. Stand still and breathe Puppy, I'll walk a Turn or two till your Bellows are in Order.

Vult. Can you tell me, I say, if my Lord Duke be come in yet?

Sir John. Thy Lord Duke! prithee who is thy Lord Duke, Friend?

Vult. I thought every body knew my Lord: His Grace the Duke of Gasconade; his youngest Son bears the Title of Lord Bite, and his eldest is Marquess of Bamington by the Courtesie of England.

Sir John. Art sure he will alight here? I shou'd be proud to Entertain his Grace, but I fear thou art mistaken.

Vult. Do you think so, Sir? by your leave, Sir? [*Going.*

Sir John. Passion o' me Fellow, why Pumps, I say come back.

Vult. What is your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. How happy shou'd I be to entertain his Grace? did not his Grace Name the House with the great Turret o' Top?

Vult. No Sir, no?

Sir John. Nor did not you hear him mention the Velvet Cushions in my little Parlour—Nor my large gilt Candle-sticks?

Vult. Upon my Honour no!

Sir John. Your Honour, Scab!—Nor no Word dropt about the Hangings in the great Chamber.

Vult. Not a Word. [*Running off, Sir John holds him.*

Sir John. A Pox confine thee, this Fellow was born with a Whirlygig in his Heels: Stand still you lousie seven Miles an hour Rascal.

Vult. If you stop me a Second longer you ruin me.

Sir John. Was there no Talk of a plentiful Board, open

House-keeping, and the good old English Hospitality reviv'd somewhere hereabout—hah!

Vult. Now you come a little nearer the Matter.

Sir John. But now in one Word—and indeed a Question I shou'd have asked before—Whom did he send you too?

Vult. To *Sir John English*, Sir.

Sir John. I am he, you round about Knave, you Skipditch; I am *Sir John English*—Well, and will his Grace be here—I am overjoy'd—no Body—no—no Body of any Degree or Quality that is to say;—passes by the House—No Body entertains like me—Well; Well; Well;—there is a kind of a Grace, an Art, a Manner in these Things which so naturally slips from me—Codso, I forget my self—Where are my Servants? What *John Phippen*—*John*.

Serv. Did your Worship call?

Sir John. Bid that figurative Fool *Timothy Shacklesfigure*, *Robin Marrowbone* the Cook, and *Doublejugg* the Butler, and *Dorothy* and *Cicely*, and all my Servants come hither instantly, I must speak with 'em all—here give this Fustian Rascal a Horn o' Beer and a Crust—Well, and how does his Grace, good now? I never saw him in my Life.

Vult. My Lord has travel'd th se five Years, an it please your good Worship.

Sir John. Travel'd! good now?—A Cup o' Beer and a Crust there. The Fellow's a Fool, I think.

Enter Steward, Cook, Butler, Cicely and Dorothy.

Sir John. Here *Marrowbone*, *Robin*, *Robin*, some tame Ducks, a Virgin Pullet, a few Pidgeons, a Bit of Mutton or something or other.—*Dorothy*, air the great Chamber *Dorothy*, the fine Sheets for his Grace's Bed; you understand me! The Holland Curtains for the Damask Bed edg'd with Point: Up with 'em: Up with 'em—Unpaper the Screens, the Sconces, and the Andirons.

[As *Sir John* gives Orders to his Servants *Vultur* and another Servant are drinking and complimenting on one Side.

Enter Servant.

Serv. An it please your Worship, there's a Nobleman and all his Servants just alighted at the great Gate.

Sir

Sir John. Codso ; Codso ; we shall be in a fearful Hurry — Set my Band, *Dorothy* — quickly, quickly — so, there, there — His Grace I profess has surpriz'd me taken me so unprepar'd.

Enter Lurcher as a Duke with his Equipage, runs up to Sir John and salutes him.

Lurch. *Sir John English,* I am your most faithful and obedient Servant ; I could by no means have excused my self if I had pass'd by and not paid my Respects here.

Sir John. Ah, my Lord, I am your poor unworthy Servant ; all I can say is, your Grace is most spaciously welcome.

Lurch. You have a fine House here, *Sir John.*

Sir John. A Dog-hole, may it please your Grace, a meer Dog hole ; I have a clean Bed or so, a Bottle or two of good Wine for a particular. I brew with the best Malt, and can pretend only to a Bit of good Mutton or so — We shall starve your Grace, — but your Grace's Goodness.

Lurch. Ever hearty *Sir John* the Happiest Creature breathing (that is your Character) when your Friends are round you.

Sir John. Goodnow ! Goodnow ! Your Grace is Pleasant — Will your Grace taste a Glas of old Hock — with a little, little Dash of Palm before you eat ?

Lurch. By no means, *Sir John* : Upon my Word you have a fine Country round you, a noble Estate.

Sir John. No, no, no : My Lord ; what with Taxes, Repairs, bad Tenants, Parish-Charges, and so forth ; a poor Pittance : — A poor Pittance — Will your Grace have a Sevill Orange squeez'd into a Glas of noble Racy old Canary ; what does your Grace think o' that ? aye I believe that ; — Or a Glas of your Right *Southern* Cyder sweeten'd with a little Old Mead and a hard Toast ?

Lurch. Not one Drop before I eat. tho' you cou'd treat me with liquid Gold — Why you live here as if all Things were in common without Labour or Money, like *Adam* in Paradise.

Sir John. Yes an it please your Grace with all my Beasts about me — I have a Heart, that is all I can boast, I have a Heart — Well, well. — What News ? What News at

London? — I have a Nephew there ; I have not seen the Profligate this ten Years — I beg your Grace not intreat for him, his Father serv'd me scurvily, no, no what o' that? What o' that? [*A Servant with Sack and Toast on a Silver.* Your Grace must taste one Glas of Sack, 'tis the Custom o' the Place; it will warm your Stomach: Come, come; — Ah this Nephew of mine has been a wild Lad, very wild.

Lurch. So I have heard.

Sir John. Belike your Grace might know him, for he kept Company o' the best: Ah who but *Dick Lurcher*: Well he has, tho' he be but my Sister's Son, much of my Blood in him, that he has — Does your Grace understand Musick?

Lurch. I have but a bad Ear.

Sir John. Very like! Very like; — Your Grace has travell'd.

Lurch. These five Years, Sir —

Sir John. This Nephew o' mine has been in Comic Pranks; Oh very wild; very wild: But he is like to have all when I die — The Whoreson shall have all — I love him — but he shall never find it while I live.

Lurch. What a Temptation is here to poison him; how he draws his own Picture. [*Aside.*

Sir John. He is yet, my Lord, but as I may say *Imberbis Juvenis*, no more Hair on his Chin than a Midwife — will your Grace eat an Oyster or two before Supper?

Lurch. I never do eat Oysters.

Sir John. Never eat Oysters! Good now? Good now! That is wonderful.

Lurch. 'Tis something more wonderful that you can doat on this Nephew of yours, and make no Provision for him. Has he any Fortune of his own?

Sir John. Not a Shilling, Sir — all spent. Do you mark me? Laud! He Sir, why he is a Wit, and a Rake, and a Gamester; he has 20 Trades besides Women. O my Conscience he lives upon Women: The Boy has a fine Eye — he shall not have a Groat while I live, But when I die —

Lurch. I must have a small Matter while you live, dear Uncle. [*Aside.*

Sir John. —

Sir John. What is your Grace's Pleasure? My Ears did not rightly lay hold on your last Words.

Lurch. I say, you should allow him a small Matter while you live.

Sir John. No, no. Let him look out sharp; sharp, he will know better how to manage when I am laid.

Lurch. Do you never steal up to Court, *Sir John*?

Sir John. Ah my Lord Duke, I was very fond of it once. I have danc'd a Horn-pipe in the Drawing Room before now, I have.

Lurch. Have you no Inclination to a little snug Place, or so?

Sir John. Ay, my good Lord, if it might be done without much Trouble — hunting of Places is too much Fatigue; 'tis fit for young People. I can't play at Puffs in the Corner now; no, no.

Lurch. Ay, but a Teller, a Commissioner in the Customs, or so, wou'd do you no harm —

Sir John. No, no, if I might be but Deputy-Lieutenant; that indeed I —

Lurch. I'll speak to the King, it shall be done — you are so reasonable.

Sir John. Come, come, good now I see Supper is going thro' the Hall — Will your Grace give me leave? Do you hear, take Care his Grace's Equipage want nothing, I will shew your Grace the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Re-enter Lurcher and his Equipage.

Lurch. SO, now to our Business quick — Come, come, the Vizards — Where are the masking Suits?

Carb. Here, here in the Portmanteau, my Boy of Mettle.

Lurch. Well, Gentlemen, I beg Leave only to repeat what I said before, be honest and you shall all be safe, have every Penny that I owe, and a Present into the Bargain; but you'll hang your selves and me too if you pardon a Sixpence — I have a particular Reason for this sham Robbery, which will help me to execute my Design with Honour and Safety.

Carb.

Carb. Oh, I'll be very honest; don't suspect me, my little Bully.

Longb. Indeed Squire this Way of Robbing is quite out of our Way.

Sneak. I do not like it, 'tis so like Robbing— Dear Squire, turn me out of the House— We shall certainly be taken and hang'd.

Lurch. Carbuncle, bind all fast: Terrify much and hurt little, that's your Way.

Carb. Well! Well! we'll do our best.

Lurch. Now Ceremonious Uncle, with your good Worship's Leave, I hope to borrow from your awkward Generosity a little ready Mony however— 'Tis strange what this Old Man wou'd upon no Account lend to supply the Necessities of his Nephew— nay of a Nephew he seems to Love too—he will readily pay down to the Glare of his Grace— But to Business my Friends, to Business, you all know your several Appointments; away.

SCENE Changes.

Enter Vultur with a Pistol, thrusting in Shacklefigure in his Shirt and Breeches.

Vult. Your Mony, your Mony, Dog-bolt.

Tim. Really I never part with Mony without a Receipt.

Vult. You Rascal, a Receipt? when did you ever hear of a Receipt given by a Gentleman of our Profession?

Tim. Dear Sir, only let it be then by way of *Memorandum* that it may appear in my Accounts, and that his Worship may be satisfy'd what you shall Receive of me in a violent Manner.

Vult. Villain, mention one Word more of your *Memorandums* and Accounts and I'll shoot you thro' the Head for understanding Arithmetick. Oons Sir, the nine Figures are all authorized Thieves.

Tim. No Sir, with all Submission they are not Thieves but the Guardians of Estates.

Vult. Dogbolt! Must I drive a Pellet thro' your Scull to confound your Figures?

Tim.

The Custom of the Manor.

29

Tim. Ah Sir, I do not insist upon it—ah spare my Life, and I'll confess all the Mony and the Plate.

Vult. In, in there, Dismal, and I'll give you Bond for the Mony. [Exit *Vult.*]

Enter Carbuncle hauling Doublejugg after him very drunk, and Sneak and Longbottom at a Distance.

Doub. Are you not ashamed to bind an honest Man Hand and Foot, who can neither stand nor go?

Carb. Rot you, do you prate?

Doub. Yes Sir, I am given to talk in my Cups.

Carb. Where's your Plate; you drunken Sot, your Plate?

Doub. My Plate Sir, where [Hicups.] why it is, it is.

Carb. Where is it?

Doub. Why it is—to tell you the Truth it is lock'd up.

Carb. Demme the Keys, or I slice old October.

Sneak. I beg you Sir to make no Resistance, I intreat you.

Long. Upon my Soul Sir, if you don't comply with our Request you will be very roughly treated.

Doub. I thank you very kindly, but I don't care for drinking a Drop more.

Carb. Give me the Keys of the Cellar, or by Gogmagog I'll slice you, hash you, Carbonade you, pickle you, pepper you, salt you, broil you, and eat you.

Doub. Keep your Temper, Friend; there they are. I suppose you have a Mind to draw your own Liquor.—Let me recommend the Third Hogthead on the Right—Aye that was the Hogthead that John and I stuck to, to Night; 'tis fine, smooth, mellow, stinging Liquor.

Carb. Here, lace the Sot's Arms, and turn him into the Buttery again. [Exit *Carb.*]

Doub. Do your Pleasures with me honest Gentlemen, tho' it runs strangely in my Head that I shall Dream of Thieves. [Exit *Doub.* led by *Sneak* and *Long.*]

Enter Lurcher and Carbuncle with Sir John bound in an old fashion'd Night-gown and Cap, and the rest of the Equipage of Lurcher.

Sir John. Gentlemen—for Heaven's sake Gentlemen; 'tis very well, I am bound hard enough.

Lurch. Death Sir,—your Mony—We come for Mony.

Sir John. Is that all you come for? Why what a Beast was

was I—to unfurnish my self, to put out my Mony but Yesterday? Alas poor Gentlemen—What shift shall I make for you? pray call again some other time when I may be better provided.

Lurch. Oons Sir, don't Trifle—Your Mony!

Carb. Brimstone and Fire—What do you bam us?

Sir John. No, Sir, pardon me, I don't bam you, if you had come as they say in a civil way—Fie upon't, a Gentleman wou'd scorn to rob a House in such a Manner.

Lurch. Clap a Gag in his Mouth there: What do you suffer the old Dog to chatter for—pluck out his Tongue—or knock his Teeth down his Throat with an Ounce of Lead.

Carb. Furies and Firebrands—What do you bam us, you o'd Prig?

Sir John. I don't, dear Sir, ah dear sweet Sir—I do not I do not bam you—Only—and if it were your Honour's good Pleasures I wou'd intreat you for some small Civility—I have a Man of Quality in my House, and I wou'd not for the World that his Grace shou'd be disturb'd.

Lurch. Thunder and Lightning Sir—do you imagine that we have any Respect for a Lord—no, no, we have secur'd his Grace, he and all his Equipage are bound to their good Behaviour, I can tell you that.

Sir John. Who! my Lord! What have you bound his Grace—irreparably lost, ruin'd, undone—I'll have you all hang'd—I'll never forgive you. What? bound his Grace—ill manner'd Brutes, to misuse and disturb a Man of Quality; in my House too.

Lurch. Carry him in, bind him to the Couch in his Bed-chamber, and if he is noisie gag him.

[Exit Sir John guarded by Carb.]

So, this is Virtue indeed; Virtue deserving a Reward to have Power to do wrong and not use it; 'tis being chaste under Temptation, and that gives Merit even to Saints—Well Gentlemen, preserve your Honours as you have begun and you'll all deserve Statues—Now to our Business, let one of us bind all the rest, do you mind me, about it then—for hark'ee, 'tis absolutely necessary that

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this Nobleman and all his Followers should be found bound in their Beds.

Vul. Admirable, that will secure us from all Suspicion, but if we bind one another, how will the last Man be bound?

Lurch. Why you *Vultur* shall escape, you may be suppos'd well enough like a drowsie Footman to be forgot in your Litter; there's your Excuse—but so soon as ever you have bound us, whip off your Mask and your Mantle and unbind the Knight—Let me see, 'tis now break of Day, to Business, to Business Lads. [Exeunt.]

Sir John in his Bed-Chamber bound to a Couch.

Sir John. What—Help—Help—Thieves, Murder; will no body come near me? Well! Well! If there's any Virtue in Hemp I'll have these Rogues hang'd; at such a time as this to disturb the Tranquility of his Grace's Slumbers as I may so say—ay, ay, I am bound fast enough; the Condition of this Obligation—[Enter *Vultur*.] Ods o' Pumps—how comest thou to escape, Pumps? I am heartily glad to see thee, in Troth.

Vul. They left me snoring in the Garret, and either they did not see or Regard me—Pray let me Assist your Worship.

Sir John. Wou'd I had lain in the Garret too—But nothing afflicts me so much, honest Geometrical, as the Affront in binding his Grace. Ah that cuts my Heart. [Vultur unloosing *Sir John*] So, so, very well, very well—how shall I approach my Lord? I am not able to look him in the Face.

Lurcher with his Hands bound, enters as from his Chamber. Who's there?

Sir John. Good Morrow to your Grace.

Lurch. Good Morrow, *Sir John*, I wou'd give you my Hand but I can't command it. I suppose *Sir* this is the Courtesie of the Country. [Sir John unbinds him.]

Sir John. Alas, alas, this grieves me more than all, to see your Grace thus uncourteously used.

Lurch. Can you guess who they may be, *Sir John*?

Sir John. I don't know, an it please your Grace—but sure they were the most ungentleman-like Thieves.

Lurch. These Fellows were some who know and use your House, I warrant.

Sir

Sir John. Very like, very like! Well, well, this comes of keeping open House.

Lurch. I made my self known to one of them, and gave him my Honour I wou'd not discover him.

Sir John. You did, my Lord?

Lurch. Yes; and do you think the insolent Slave wou'd trust me upon my Word?

Sir John. He wou'd not?

Lurch. No Faith, he ask'd my Pardon; he told me Lords Promises were mortal, and commonly dy'd in the Birth, or soon after.

Sir John. Insupportable Villains! How terribly they belch'd out Oaths, my Lord? Did you observe the Whiskers of the red-nosed Fellow?

Lurch. Ay very well, they were loaded with Gun-Powder instead of Snuff; I expected every Moment to see 'em take Fire at his red Nose, and blow his Head off his Shoulders.

Sir John. Ha, ha, your Grace is pleasant.

Lurch. To be plain, I fear you fared the worse for me; they had certainly some Notice of my being here.

Sir John. Ah my good Lord Duke! I am sure your Grace fared the worse; does not your Grace feel a little odly about the Brawn of your Wrist?

Lurch. Yes Sir, a sort of a Numness—the Ligament, *Sir John* stopt the Circulation.

Sir John. Confound 'em; if I meet with the Rascalls, it will be my turn, my Lord, to stop the Circulation.

Vul. I am sorry your Grace has lost — [To *Lurch.*

Sir John. Hush—hush. [To *Vult. Aside.*

Lurch. What have I lost? Speak!

Sir John. A good Night's Rest, say. [To *Vult.*

Vul. Your Rest my Lord, this troublesom Night.

Lurch. That's true, no Matter; my Cloaths there; I'll in to my Chamber and dress, and wait on you immediately *Sir John.*

[Exit *Lurch.* *Sir John* stops *Vultur* as he is following him.

Sir John. Hearkee Friend, what has my Lord Duke lost? speak softly.

Vul. No more than his Grace may easily spare.

Sir John

Sir John. That is not the Thing—Pray tell me?

Vul. Since your Worship will needs know; they took about three hundred Pieces of Gold, and one hundred Pound in Silver or thereabouts out of his Grace's strong Box.

Sir John. Codso—Codso—What? How! there is but one way—it must be done—Aye, aye—My Honour is concern'd—I charge you, I command you don't let his Grace know it—Pray bid my Steward *Timothy* come to me, 'tis fit I repair him—What! in my House!

Enter Timothy.

Tim. So please your Worship, *Thomas Maunder* hath sent your Worship the two hundred Pound for the renewing of his Lease.

Sir John. Villains, Traitors—

Tim. And *John Budge* hath Paid his *Martlemas* Rent in Arrear, and sent your Worship the Turkeys.

Sir John. Coxcomb, to trouble me with Business now—Come hither *Timothy*, what have I lost in this scurvy Affair here?

Tim. Really upon the strictest Inquisition I cannot find that your Worship has lost the Value of one single Sixpence in the whole Affair.

Sir John. What dost thou say? I am amaz'd.

Tim. 'Tis Truth—upon a second casting I find all my Cash is numerically the same it was last Night—and *Doublejugg* hath all his Plate I can assure your Worship, there is not a Tea-Spoon missing—I believe their Design was wholly upon his Grace.

Sir John. Paltroons! Ragamuffins! as if their whole Scheme was purposely to affront him, and him only—my House too—Codsolam so perplex'd I know not what to do—Why it looks *Timothy* as if I was in the Plot: Harkee *Timothy*, what ready Money is there in the House?

Tim. Three hundred Pound in Silver, and two hundred Pound in Gold.

Sir John. I cou'd wish you had three hundred Pound in Gold—Well, well, but we must make shift: Do you hear, take the two hundred Pieces of Gold and two hundred Pound in Silver presently, and watch carefully—carefully I say, for an Opportunity to slip it into his Grace's

Grace's strong Box privately, tho' *Timothy* you must do it privately.

Tim. What wou'd your Worship slip it into his Grace's strong Box, did you say—What must I slip?

Sir John. The Money Oaff, the Money I say; the same Sum to a Farthing, I charge you let no Creature see you.

Tim. Give me leave in the shortest Method imaginable to reason this Affair.

Sir John. Codso! Let me have you do it instantly—What the Goodyear.

Tim. I say only that your Worship has lost something that I did not apprehend before, and that is your Senses.

Sir John. Impudent Varlet! Do it, or I'll turn your mathematical Countenance out of my Doors this Moment—*[Exit Timothy.]* In Truth, in very Truth it must be done and it shall be done, tho' I sell my whole Estate—'tis fit he shou'd be repaired—this is the most Happy Opportunity. What in my House!

Enter Lurcher and Vultur.

Lurch. I overheard him just now, he order'd his Steward to place that Sum in my strong Box, in the Room of what he suppos'd I had lost.

Vul. He did so, the same exactly—only more Silver than Gold.

Lurch. He prevents my Wishes; anticipates my Designs—This old Gentleman has a generous Mind, and however he is dispos'd to me, there's something great and open in his Character. This Manner of Treatment makes me even disrelish the Success of my Enterprize—Ha, here he comes, I tremble at the Sight of him now.

Vul. Collect your self Man, remember your Character, harden your Face in the Fire of your Impudence; let not a Muscle start, nor a Drop of Blood steal from your Heart to tell Tales in your Face. Look as if your Power gave Authority to your Actions, and you were really what you appear only—See, see, *Sir John* moves towards you.

Lurch. *Sir John*, your most Obedient; I am infinitely oblig'd to you for the Favours I have receiv'd—I am sorry my Affairs oblige me to leave you so soon.

Sir John. You cover me with Blushes—Yet your Grace will,

will; you must do me the Honour to take a short homely Meal before you travel.

Lurch. I must rould away 30 Miles before Dinner, Sir.

Sir John. Just snatch a Bit as they say—What *Robin!*
Tim.

Lurch. I shall run away abruptly, if you press me.

Sir John. If your Grace will have it so—Yet let me perish my Lord, if I know how to look your Grace in the Face about the Business of last Night—'tis presumptuous in me to ask Forgiveness.

Lurch. I forgive you from my Soul, Sir *John*; upon my Honour I do, I am sensible how much you suffer every way.

Sir John. Then I remain to the extremest Moment of this frail Life your Grace's humble Debtor.

Lurch. I fear, Sir *John* I shall be oblig'd to trespass upon your Faith for the Credit of some ready Money to carry me home; this Accident has quite unfurnish'd me, it seems.

[A Servant whispers Vultur.

Sir John. Your Grace may command me intirely, and I am proud—

Vult. to Lurch. My Lord, *John* came in just now to tell me, that as they were about to pack up the strong Box they found all your Grace's Money within it.

Lurch. How! I am surpriz'd indeed! The Money within it!

Vult. Only the Species chang'd, and one hundred Pound in Silver more instead of Gold.

Lurch. How! I can hardly believe it! what, are we in Fairy-land here, Sir *John*? [Vultur whispers Lurcher.

Sir John. I am afraid *Timothy* did not take due Care.

Lurch. I suspected it truly—Sir *John*, this is unkind—my Servant tells me your Steward was observ'd to place the Money there, and when he was examin'd, said he did it by your Order—You see I wou'd have made use of my Credit with you: I shou'd not have been put to any Inconvenience by my lodging here—generous Sir *John*—Well, since it is so, give me leave however to give you Security for the Money, and three Months hence, when I return from the North, I'll call and repay you.

D

Sir John

Sir John. By no Means; you confound me, you kill me with Confusion; what is not your Grace's Honour sufficient?

Lurch. But we are all mortal, you know.

Sir John. Dear your Grace excuse me—Dear your Grace spare me.

Lurch. Well, Sir, I am your humble Debtor; if ever you come to Court again.

Sir John. Ah, my Lord.

Lurch. Is the Coach ready?

Kub. 'Tis at the Gate, my Lord.

Lurch. Sir John yours—Pray take particular Care next time a Man of Quality lyes in your House that no Thieves disturb him.

Sir John. Ah my good Lord!

Lurch. Not a Step further.

Sir John. Pray give me the Honour to attend your Grace to your Coach.

Lurch. No, no, by no Means.

Sir John. 'Tis my Duty—Good your Grace.

Lurch. You will be obey'd—Remember only when I see you at *Bamington*—I shall command in my Turn.

Sir John. Your Grace overwhelms me with your Goodness. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Modely and Heartwell.

Mode. **W**AS ever any thing so agreeable?

Heart. What Palace cou'd have entertain'd us like this Cottage?

Mode. The blunt old Man gave us a Meal, plain and undisguis'd.

Heart. Artless and honest like himself; did you observe the Sweetness and Purity of this little Dwelling—The Linnen smelt of Lavender and Roses.

Heart. The Honey-suckles hid the Light of our small Casement.

Mode.

Mode. And mix'd their Odours with the sharp Morning Air, and wak'd me early.

Heart. Why, did you sleep?

Mode. Like a whip Top, did not you?

Heart. Ah no; my Heart was dancing the Galloping Nag; my Spirits were in Arms, and all the Mobility of my Blood roar'd out incessantly. *Flora, Flora.*

Mode. What then you are really in Love; that is a *Romanski*.

Heart. As much in Love, *Modely*, as any of those old-fashion'd Heroes were ever feigned to be; whose Names stand in blank Verse upon Record, and Sigh by their Representatives from Generation to Generation.

Mode. How do you know?

Heart. Oh by a thousand Symtoms; my Heart beats quick at her Name, I have her constantly before my Eyes, Fortune, Fame, Friendship, Honour, Women, are useless Value with me, when compar'd with her; all the Faculties of my Soul and Body are her Slaves; I cou'd live in a Cave everlastingly with her alone. I cou'd fight for her, I cou'd Dye for her, I cou'd Marry her.

Mode. What, you have a mind to put your Passion to a violent Death; Marry her! Do so, do so, 'tis a certain Cure.

Heart. Be not so severe; her Beauty, *George*, will make my Joys Immortal.

Mode. I can't believe either in the Immortality of her Beauty, or your Passion.

Heart. Look on her then, and be converted.

Mode. Convert thy self Lad, and don't look so like the Picture of Heigh ho in the Frontispiece of *Cupid's Calendar*. Adieu. [Exit *Modely*.

Enter Flora.

Flora. My Father, Sir, wou'd speak with you—Nay no more Love, I intreat, I petition—I know by your Looks what you Mean. Come, leave this whimsical dumb Cant of Sighing and Ogling, and tell me in plain English what you'd have?

Heart. Cou'd not you help one to a little ready Beauty?

Elo. What wou'd you give for a small Purchase that way?

Heart. Heart for Heart, my Dear.

Flora. That was the old way they say, before Money was in Fashion they used to Barter in Kind.

Heart. Let us renew that honest Custom in the Age of Innocence and Love.

Flora. Have you a clear Title to the Thing you wou'd sell? that Heart of yours I warrant has been Mortgag'd over and over.

Heart. Humph! It has been a little dipt; but I have always honourably redeem'd it, Child.

Flora. Have you a lawful Assignment from your last Mistress.

Heart. I was as free as Air till I beheld those Eyes.

[*Bowing very low.*]

Flora. Ah that humble killing Bow! Go on;—Now I know you are to talk of Chains and Daggers, and Flames, and Dying, and Darts.

Heart. Is it possible to hide a Passion, which tho' my Tongue is silent, breaks out in every Look and Motion?

Flora. Wonderful pretty this—But, Sir, I know the natural Whirl of the Mind of Man; 'tis as inconstant as a Turn-style, his Heart's a Tennis Ball, his Inclination's the Racket, and his Passions drive it round the World.

Heart. Dare only to try me; and if you like me not Discharge me.

Flora. She deserves to be robb'd who takes a Servant that brings a Certificate of his being a Thief.

Heart. 'Tis not ingraven here, I hope.

Flora. Yes, truly, there is a sort of a Faithless loving London lying Air that hangs upon your Features; and frightens me terribly.

Heart. Then propose your own Security, bind me as you please.

Flora. Agreed! Suppose then I lik'd you well enough to make a Husband of you—Wou'd you marry me?—Lookee there, confounded—Astonish'd at once—Mentioning the Word only has put the Man into a cold Sweat, I profess.

Heart. People who marry for Love, my Dear, are like those who give Bonds with Interest for large Sums of ready Money, and squander the Principal—So in a little time are both Beggars and Prisoners.

Flora.

Flora. I had rather be a Beggar afterwards, than a Bubble before-hand; but go on to your purpose, Sir.

Heart. I wou'd have you leave this sour old Man, and this Rustick Cott, and take your Flight with me and Love—Love shall conduct us with his purple Wings, Joys shall meet Joys in Circles; and new Pleasures chase the swift Hours away—Thou shalt be dearer to me than any Wife can be—every Moment of our Lives shall be beyond the Wedding Nights of the dull Vulgar.

Flora. So—'Tis out at last—What then, I am to be your Mistress only; your pretty *bella Favourita*, your little private Hunting Seat; have every Inconvenience of a Wife, with the Scandal of a Wench, and perhaps be forced to cluck a Brood of illegal Chickens after me; and peck about the Parish for my Subsistence.

Heart. What horrible Ideas dost thou form: No, my Dear, it shall not be within my Power to wrong you; I will settle 200*l.* a Year upon you for Life, and provide for all our Children.

Flora. With a sham Lawyer and a counterfeit Settlement.

Heart. Chuse your own Lawyer, take your own Security, make your own Trustees; you shall have an Inheritance in my Heart; and my Land as firm as if you were born to it.

Flora. To be serious then, since you are so; I'll tell you; all the Inheritance I boast or wish for, is this low humble Cottage, and a Mind; I hope a virtuous Mind, that cannot in this Situation bear Dishonour; take back your worthless Trifle of a Heart, and your more worthless Promises, and know I scorn as much to yield to the mean Bargain of your hireling Passion; as you do to submit to honourable Love.

[Going.]
Heart. Stay; you shall stay—Let me but think a Moment?

Flora. Think then, ungrateful Man, what 'tis you do? My Father, whose Prop I am, the Stay of his old Age; taught me with pious Care to tread the Paths of Virtue; how wou'd it tear the Strings of his old Heart to see me fall'n at once to Shame and Infamy? You call your self a Gentleman, and say, the Laws of Faith and Honour when they're

they're broke ask Life for Recompence, the *Lye* is Death: Yet you would falsify your Trust to him; defraud him of his Treasure in his Child, inhospitably murder your good Host; the Man whose House you enter'd with a Trust, that wou'd to common Thieves under these Limitations be sacred and inviolable.

Heart. Oh thou hast touch'd my Soul; I feel thy Words, a conscious Pang flabs thro' my Heart, and covers me with Shame, yet *Flora*, yet I hope you will forgive me when you think how strongly we are byas'd to what is wrong, Custom, Family, Fortune, I know not what terrible Words make me fear to suffer in Opinion only.

Flora. I know the Disparity of our Fortunes, I know you fear your Family and Name shou'd suffer; believe me, Sir, they suffer more when you but tempt an honest Mind from Virtue.

Heart. Oh *Flora*, *Flora*, thou hast conquer'd; Frown my Crime, and humbly beg you will forgive it: Thy Words, bright Excellence, charm like thy Beauty, thy Soul's refin'd without Society or Courts, Nature has form'd the Fair as her own humble Lillies; no Family can mend, no Education teach, no Habit improve your Manners.

Flora. Oh Man for Flattery and Deceit renown'd.

Heart. In you I see the most perfect Virtue c'oth'd in all the Charms of the most elegant Form: In you I see all that we know of Heaven: Of those Celestial Lights that move for ever; Virtue and Beauty join'd; thus let me kneel; thus lowly at your Feet; and ask your Hand, your Hand and Heart in Marriage; let the Priest now join us. Will you, dare you trust your Convert?

Flora. Away with this—Think seriously, seriously, Sir; can you for ever love me for your Life—A poor Country Girl without a Portion, without one Penny for Posterity? Take time and think on't.

Heart. I wou'd marry thee, tho' I wrought with my Hands for thy daily Support—My whole Soul, all my Wishes are centered in thee.

Flora. Ay, but when we are married they'll move eccentrically again; Marriage is a tedious Journey in a heavy Road; many an honest Fellow who set out briskly at first,

has

The Customs of the Manor.

41

has been heartily tired before he reached his Inn at Night.

Heart. I must not, cannot, will not live without thee; no Hero in Romance, no Shepherd in Pastoral, no Poet's Imagination was ever more in Love—Can you deny me? Give me your Hand? Let me be yours for ever.

Flora. Come Sir, I see you're a Man of Courage, and if my Uncle consents—

Heart. I'll go in and ask it without ceasing—But shall I then be sure of yours?

Flora. I don't know—But I think you do what you will with me. [Exit Heart.]

Enter Modely.

Mode. I can't imagine where *Heartwell* is gone, nor can I find the Girls. I have hunted every—*Hah!* Miss have I caught you?

Enter Aura.

Aura. Sir, the Tea is ready.

Mode. Tea! Why you live within Doors as politely, as the People of our World, as elegantly. This Cottage is like a Diamond in the Quarry; all rough without, within all Light and Beauty—Does your Father drink Tea too?

Aura. No, Sir; his constant Breakfast is a Pipe and a Pot of *October*: He hates your Soop Meagre of Element and Herbs; he rails at the Women for sending to t'other World for their Cups and their Breakfasts, and says more Reputations have been broke over our Tea-Tables than *China* Dishes—In short, that our Sex is all *China* Ware, fair and frail, and never flaw'd till used.

Mode. This Severity in old Age is not disagreeable, it becomes him and is like his own *October*, sharp and sound.

Aura. Sir, he expects us all this while. [Going.]

Mode. Hold, hold! Why do you think I'll be serv'd in this Manner?

Aura. What Manner?

Mode. How well you kept your Appointment last Night, Gipsy?

Aura. What Appointment?

Mode. To meet me in the Arbor at the lower End of the Orchard alone.

Aura. Pleasant! I meet a Man at Night in an Arbor alone, oh hideous! What shou'd I do there? *Mode.*

Mode. Do: Why I was to have made Love to you in soft Nonsense, you were to have been very angry and very kind, and so I was to have ravish'd you with your own Consent; that's all; ah, a Blush upon a half Consent looks so sweetly by Moonlight.

Aura. How came this wicked Imagination into your Head?

Mode. In a Dream, Dearee; 'tis pity it was not real.

Aura. Go, you're a Devil.

Mode. You're an Angel.

Aura. Begone — I fly thee, Satan. — [*Exit Running.*]

Mode. I'll follow thee to the World's End, thou Temptation for a Saint. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *The Green before the Cottage.*

Enter Heartwell, Flora and several Country-Men and Women dressed as from a Wedding, a blind old Fidler before 'em, one of the Country Fellows singing the following Catch.

*He that marries a Lass
For Love and a Face,
Without Mony, is still in a pitiful Case:
Or he that for Mony alone
Puts a Wedding Ring
On an ugly rich Thing,
Does but tye himself scurvily down;
But he that has Mony and Love in good store,
Has all the World in a String.*

1 Count. Come Neighbours, we'll daunce at the Squire's Wedding as they say'n till the Sun rise upon us, and stare us out o' Countenance.

2 Count. Ah how she do look Dick, there will be merry Work anon e'ackins.

1 Count. Come lead up Cloddy — Thou art so full of Preate and Waggersy as they say'n. [*A Dance.*]

Heart. My good Neighbours, I thank you all for these Favours: I hope you will dine with me to Morrow — I beg you will excuse me now; in the mean time here is something to drink this Lady's Health. *Ex. Countrymen, &c.*

Heartwell

The Custody of the Manor.

49

Heartwell and Flora.

Heart. to Flora. My Wife. My Dear, I am now richer than the Sea; I have a Treasure in thee more valuable than what the Earth contains: Oh my Love, my Heart at thy Sight feels an extatick Gaiety, a Joy that enlarges and opens my Mind, and throws a Prospect before me of lasting Happiness.

Flora. To keep alive this Passion will be now all my Ambition, the very Extent of my best Hopes.—I blush to say, my only Fears were lest I shou'd have lost you; but my Uncle will impatiently expect us, he will hardly believe we are marry'd till he sees a Voucher, the Certificate or the Parson.

Enter Shackleguire.

Heart. How now! What solemn Piece of Formality? What Man of Wires is this that moves towards us? He stirs by Clock-Work, like *St. Dunstan's* Gyants; he prepares to open his Mouth, as if he cou'd not speak without an Order of Court.

Shack. Save you, right worshipful Sir.

Heart. And you eke also, and send you Salt enough with your Tears to scour away your Sins.

Shack. Sir *John English*, my most bountiful Lord and Master, hearing by the Mouth of common Fame—

Heart. Common Fame is a common Liar, Friend, you have your News from the worst Hands.

Shack. Sir, you break the Thread of my Discourse.

Heart. Well, join it again and go on.

Shack. Sir *John English*, my most bountiful Lord and Master, hearing by the Mouth of common Fame, that you were join'd in holy Wedlock to the Niece of his good Tenant *Solomon Freehold*, sends his Wishes Embassadors by me the humblest of his Vassals, that you and your fair Bride will be pleas'd to do him the Honour to sup and consummate your Marriage at his House.

Heart. Verily thou hast well unfolded thy Message, now pleat it up carefully again, Friend, and give my Service to thy Master *Sir John*, and say that my Wishes are to be private for a Night or two.

Shack. Sir I shall re-port—or carry back your Answer accordingly.

E

Flora.

Flora. Stay Friend, stay a Moment. [To Heart.] If I cou'd prevail upon you, you shou'd grant Sir *John's* Request.

Heart. 'Twill interrupt our Happiness! No! it is an Enemy to Transport. I am so covetous, I wou'd have thee for ever alone.

Flora. But Sir *John* has always been to me the most obliging, kindest, best-natur'd Man; at this time it wou'd look like Ingratitude to refuse him. Give me my Request, 'tis the first I ever made. I'll go before and prepare the old Gentleman to receive you, and prevent all ceremonious Trouble; you'll be there in an Hour.

Heart. I can deny thee nothing; tell your Master I'll wait on him. [Exit Shack. and Flora.]

Enter Modely.

Heart. Hah *George*, I was looking for you. What shall I do; you shall advise me; shall I marry my dear little Girl, or no?

Mode. To marry for Love, my Friend, is confining your whole Body for the Error of your Eyes only.

Heart. Aye, but where one loves one wou'd keep a Woman to one's self.

Mode. Ha, ha, keep a Woman to one's self: He that purchases an Estate where all the World take a Right of Common may build Churches for Atheists, and Alms-Houses for Misers.

Heart. But a little legal Inclosure is for the Comfort of our Lives, when the Land has been carefully and virtuously cultivated.

Mode. Why, you don't really intend to marry this Girl?

Heart. Really I believe I shall.

Mode. Indeed? Ah pretty Doe, Doc, sling two thousand Pound a Year away upon a Cottage *Marian*—Take the Refuse of a Bumpkin to your Marriage-Bed, and after that be the Cuckold of a Plowman.

Heart. How! What!

Mode. Ay, ten to one but some Sinewy Thresher, who has warm'd her brisk Blood at a Mop or a Wake, steps into your Place, and delivers down a Posterity of young Flail-drivers, known by the Name of *Heartwell*—

Heart. Fie *Modely*, no more of this; you know her Vir-

tue

ture is unfully'd as her Beauty; besides, her Education has been above these Clods.

Mode. Her Education has been among 'em — But why shou'd you marry her? Show her some Gold, Man; promise her Mountains, bargain for her, purchase her, run away with her, keep her two or three Years, breed out of her: Why shou'd you buy the whole Piece, when you may have a Suit for a Sample — Wear her a little, and then —

Heart. Sir, I bore your base Reflections with Temper, while I believ'd your Meaning was friendly, but now I find you indulge your ill-Nature, at the Expence of a virtuous Woman.

Mode. Oh, ho — you are grave; — that is, you are growing mad indeed, and begin to rattle your matrimonial Chain.

Heart. I am talking of Religion to a Heretick, of Morals to a Libertine.

Mode. Well, well, then it shall have its Toy — Did it cry for a Wife; it shall be ty'd to it, if nothing else will do; like an Ideot with an Horn-Book at his Girdle — it shall have a Ginger-Bread Wife too, but without any Gilding.

Heart. Prithce George, don't make me angry with thee in earnest.

Mode. What is the Matter with the Man, art thou mad? Thou art as uneasie, as if you were already marry'd, and had found the Corn in the Field, when you did not know the Grain was sow'd.

Heart. Why then to confess the honest Truth, I am marry'd.

Mode. Marry'd! When?

Heart. Just now.

Mode. To whom?

Heart. To Flora.

Mode. Very good! and so you come to know, it seems, whether you shall give Bond for the Debt, when there's an Execution upon the Goods.

Heart. Well, George, but now you know my Case; tell me as a Friend, only your Opinion of what I have done.

Mode. Done; pox you have done a very silly thing; sold your self for a waxen Baby; a painted Moppet, a gay, prating, party colour'd Paraquito, which little Master will play with till he is sick of it, and then in a gloomy Mood be

ready to twist its Neck off: Ha, ha! a very pretty Fellow, to make a Vow to be always in the same Mind—Oons, you look as if you walk'd upon your Head, with your Brains in your Breeches.

Heart. Thou art so loose, thy Imagination wonders what Virtue is—There is no talking with thee—Come, go with me to Sir John's to Supper, and be as much a Wag there as you please.

Mod. No, I have other Game in View—farewel—Yonder she starts; ay, there's a Madamoiselle, I'll have cheaper; she is not wicked enough yet, to ask such an unconcionable Price as Matrimony. [*Exeunt.*]

Modely Re-enters with Aura.

Aura. Oh Lud—You have brought all the Blood in my Body into my Face.

Mod. Colour is the Life of Beauty; can you be angry with me for making you more handiome—I swear I will be ever faithful—Come you little dear Rogue, you shall trust me.

Aura. Never, never; oh Lud don't ask me, my Heart beats as if it wou'd break a Way thro' my Breast.

Mod. What, won't you trust me with a Kiss?

Aura. That's a Trifle. [*Kissing her.*] You're impudent.

Mod. You're Idle.

Aura. I swear I'll cry out.

Mod. You'll expose your self.

Aura. Lud Sir, what do you mean?

Mod. To wrestle for a Fall only—There's a Couch in the next Room will tell no Tales; this Way my Dear [*Struggling.*] Nay, now you are a little Fool.

Aura getting one Hand loose strikes him. I'll tear your Eyes out.

Mod. I shall find the Way Blindfold—thou dear, dear, ill-natur'd Devil—She is confounded strong. [*Pulling her.*]

Aura. Help, help, for Heaven sake, Murther, Murther. Enter Frechold, and two Threshers, who run up to Modely, disarm and seize him.

Free. Ah ware Haunches, ware Haunches! there so, so, the Hunt is safe [*Exit Aura.*] What Vicious Cur is this poaching by himself; What, my good Friend Mr. Modely

—Why

— Why thou art a very impudent Fellow — What canst thou say for thy self now — Ha!

Mode. Say, Why I say your Kinswoman here was very uncivil, and all that.

Free. You wou'd have been too civil, and all that; come bring him along, he shall have a fair Race for it: Our Moat, Sir, is somewhat wide, but not very clear; now if you can out run, and out-swim *Tamser*, I believe you'll not make a hunting Seat of my House again in haste.

Mode. Consider Sir, Sir, you were once a Gentleman your self.

Free. Sentence is pass, don't trouble the Court; I'll hear nothing; you're an idle Fellow, that stole about the County pilfering of Maiden-heads. What did I not catch you in the Fact? — Ha! but that I have a decent Regard for Posterity, I wou'd have cut away the only Credentials you have of Humanity, and make a walking Sign of you.

Mode. Sir, I am a Gentleman, and expect to be used.

Free. How?

Mode. Take off your Bull Dogs; let me speak one Word with you alone, and I'll tell you.

Free. Come on Sir, I'll trust you; I'll give you more Credit than you deserve: Do you hear, stay without, that you may be ready when I call. [*Exeunt Country Fellows.* Well, Sir, what have you to say now, why Sentence shou'd not pass?

Mode. Say! why I say, Sir, that what I did was according to the common Law; that the common Law is Custom, and that it has been the Custom Time out of Mind, for us young Fellows, whose Blood flows briskly, to use no Ceremony with a wholesome Cherry Cheek, whether on Hay-cock, Meadow, Barn or Bed.

Free. Extreemly well! and so you wou'd have knock'd her down and ravish'd her.

Mode. A little agreeable Force is absolutely necessary, it saves the Woman's Honour, and gives such an Edge to the Appetite.

Free. Ay! And so having finish'd this honourable Affair, that is, having robb'd the poor Girl of all that cou'd be dear or valuable, having dishonour'd her, disgrac'd your self,

and done an irreparable Wrong; why you cou'd have hum'd a Tune, taken a Pinch of Snuff, sat down perfectly satisfy'd in the Probity of the Action, and have reconcil'd your self to your own Reflections, with as much Ease as you drink a Dish of Tea. — What provokes you to this Injustice?

Mode. Love, Love and Joy, old Wormwood; I have made a League with my Youth to get the better of Time; I have fast hold of his Fore-lock, and won't let a Moment pass without Enjoyment.

Impatient Sense, and Nature dies,

And Love a Second Life supplies.

Gentle Boy then fill my Cup,

A Bumper Cupid, fill it up

With Youth, and Wit, and noble Fires,

Vigorous Health, and young Desires.

Free. Humph! — a poetical Fop too; but let me tell you, Friend, you mistake your Passion; tis not Love, but Lust, Love is a generous Volunteer; Lust a Mercenary Slave. Love is a Court of Honour in the Heart; but what you call Love is only a scandalous Itching, a Rebellion in the Blood.

Mode. I don't know what you wou'd have by Love and Desire; I think they are only different Words for the same Meaning. Liking begets Love, Love Desire, Desire Rage, and Rage Rapture.

Free. This Fellow's in a Blaze, his Blood has set him all on Fire.

Mode. I love the whole Sex, Sir; the Beautiful I adore as Angels, the Ugly as *Indians* do the Devil, for Fear; the Witty persuade me, the Innocent allure me, the Proud raise my Ambition, and the Humble my Charity, the Coquet shows me a pleasing Chace, the false Virtue of the Prude gives Oil to my Flame, and the good-natur'd Girl quenches it — There's a Pleasure in pursuing those that fly, and 'tis Cowardly not to meet the fair One that advances: Say what you will, I am in Love, in Love, old Boy, from Head to Foot — I am *Cupid's* Butt, and stand ready to receive his whole Quiver.

Free. I'll tell thee what thou art; Thou art a Romance finely bound and gilt, and thy Inside is full of silly Love and Lyes.

Lyes, senseless and showish.

Mode. — And thou art a Satyr, as the Title says, against Vice and Immorality; but thy Inside contains a weak Indulgence only to the Overflowings of a rank Gall — full of ill-Nature and Pride: Yet art thou silly enough to think Virtue consists in railing against Vice, like those Jilts, who think they cover their own Infamy by abusing other Women.

Free. Well said; Now thou aimest at Truth I like thee.

Mode. Good-Nature only ought to be the Test of good Sense, as a Man proves his Faith by his Charity.

Free. Well then, My Faith is, That thou art a modern Whoremaster, that is a Villain, and I have Charity enough to tell thee so.

Mode. You mistake your Humour for your Virtue, and fancy, because you are a Cynick you're a Philosopher too; Prithce polish thy self, my dear rough Diamond — What, I think thou art the fourest old Fellow that ever I met with — You invite a Man to your House here, and then deny him the only Tid-Bit he has a mind to.

Free. You have broke every Social Virtue, and yet Impudently imagine you are in the Character of a Gentleman.

Mode. How, Sir! You grow Scurrilous. [Going.]

Free. Nay, you shall hear me, or I'll recall my *Mymidons*; they wait my Word, you know — A Gentleman ought not to dare to think of doing Wrong to any — His Love, his Friendship, his Courage, his Generosity, his Religion, his Word, and his Honour, shou'd be inviolably bound to the strict Laws of Virtue.

Mode. This may be the Picture of a Saint; but for the Character of a fine Gentleman, 'tis as unlike it, my Dear.

Free. As you are — Your Love, is Lust; your Friendship, Interest; your Courage, brutal Butchery; your Bounty, Usury; your Religion, Hypocrisy; your Word, a Lye; and your Honour, a Jest.

Mode. Ha, ha, very concise and smart; but I take nothing ill of thee: Thou art like a frosty Morning, sharp and wholsom. Dear, Sir, your most obedient Servant; You see I have stood your Jobation very patiently — and so Compliments being pass'd on both Sides, I humbly take my leave.

Free. Hold, Sir, I demand Satisfaction for the Wrong you have done my Family.

Mode. With all my Soul, old Boy; your Time, Place, and Weapons: Will you use Seconds?

Free. Ay, and Thirds too, if you provoke me: Lookee, Friend according to the justest Sentiments I can form of this Affair, you ought to be knock'd o' the Head, extinguish'd for the Good of Society, as I wou'd one o' my Cattle that had got a Distemper in his Blood which made him run a muck at the Herd—But Custom, that invades the Rights of Nature, and makes us act by senseless Example, says, you are a Gentleman, and have a Right to justify one Wrong by committing another.

Mode. Pox o' your Preamble, come to the Point, Sir.

Free. The young Woman you have wrong'd has a Servant, Sir, a young Oxonian, a Lover of hers, who at present lives with his Kinsman, Sir John above; he shall meet you, and bleed you for this Fever: I know the young Fellow loves her, and has Spirit enough to do himself Justice. I think that is the Cant you have for it—He shall meet you half an hour hence in the Meadow behind the Farm alone.

Mode. Godso—Your Bullies about you too—Well Sir, I'll meet him.

Free. If you fail, I'll stick your Name upon every Tree in the Parish, for a Coward; a Paltroon, that dares not fight in a wrong Cause; and that is a greater Reproach to a Man of Modern Honour than a Thief or a Murtherer—

[Exit Free.]

Mode. An ill-natur'd old Puppy, to engage a Man in a Quarrel too—However I think I am pretty well off; this is much better than the Discipline of Tomser and the Ditch—Or than my Friend's Matrimonial Comfort: tho' 'tis very ugly methinks too to fight upon an idle Business here—But 'tis the Fashion, the Mode, and as old Crabtree says, Right or Wrong, we are oblig'd to obey it:

Thou fashionable Folly makes us stake,

The Loss of Virtue for our Honour's Sake;

Stronger than Nature, Tyrant Custom grows,

For what we venture Life to keep, we lose.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Glose behind the Farm.

Modely alone.

A Fine Evening really for a cool Thrust or two—Where is the Warriour that is to Entertain me here? Egad, I with 'twas over, I don't like it; it sits but qualmishly upon my Stomach—Oh, yonder he comes across the Style; No, that's a Boy, I think—I suppose he has sent some formal Excuse; the Women have lock'd him up; the Country is rais'd; or the Justices have sent their Warrants forth to stop all Military Proceedings, and make up the Matter over a Cup of October.

Enter Aura in Boys Cloaths.

Aura. Your Servant, Sir.

Mode. Yours, Sir.

Aura. I am invited hither, Sir, to do Justice to an injur'd Beauty, whom I have the Honour to be well with—And I suppose you are my Man.

Mode. Thy Man Lovee, and what then?

Aura. Why then, Sir, on the Behalt of that Fair One, I demand the honourable Amends, Sir; to use Violence to a Lady is an Affront not to be put up; to tear the Boughs and offer to haul down the Fruit before it was consenting kindly Ripe; If you had climb'd up the Ladder of her Affections, and gather'd it regularly with the Consent of the Owner, there had been no harm done.

Mode. Hah! Thou art a very pretty Metaphorical Prigster. Hearkee, Child, Go home presently, or I will gather a Handful of Nettles under that Hedge, and whip thee most unmercifully.

Aura. Huh! Huh! *Goliath* the second: How he struts and Bounces: Sir, I shall whip you thro' the Lungs, or make a Pair of Bellows of your Guts for this Arrogance: Know, Sir, that what I want in Nerve and Bone, I make up in Vigour and Youth—What are your Weapons?

Mode. Nettletops, Infant, Nettletops.

Aura. What, are you for your Country Diversions of this

this Sort? Flails, Cudgels, Scythes, Back-Swords, Oaken Towels, or Wrestling?

Mode. Woud'st thou have me Wrestle with a Bulrush?

Aura. Ah, I have brought many a stouter Man than you down before now with my Cornish Hug: Or, are you for the Town Gallantries, Single Rapier, Sword and Dagger, Sword and Pistol, Single Pistol, Blunderbuss, Demy Cannon, Culverin, Hawtizer, Mortar-Piece, or Barrel of Gunpowder? I am ready at any of these Weapons to wait your Commands.

Mode. Look thee, thou impertinent Insect; thou may'st be Troublesome, tho' thou canst not be Hurtful; therefore if thou fliest about my Face thus, I shall be forced to Put thee down with my Hand, and tread thee out.

Aura. Humph! ——— You're very Pert!

Mode. I am so ——— Pray tell me tho', what Interest have you in this Lady, that she has ingaged your haughty Little-ness in her Affairs?

Aura. Who, ! Sir! Oh, I have been her Premier Minister a great while; She is a fine Woman really ——— Considering she has been Rusticated from her Birth too; Her only Fault is, poor Creature, she is doatingly Fond of me; I Dress her, I Undress her; by her good Will, she wou'd not suffer any living Thing to stick a Pin about her besides me ———

Mode. Indeed! and so thou art her Playfellow, her gentle Refreshment, her pretty Pillow-Boy, her Afternoon's Cordial, and her Tea at Breakfast, her Evening's Slumber, And her Morning's Indolence.

Aura. You are Superlatively Smart: Sir, I shall give you to understand instantly, that the Reputation of a Lady is not thus Impiously to be sported with ——— Oons, Eat your Words, down with 'em again this Moment, or I'll ram the insolent Epithets back again with the Hilt of my Sword.

Mode. Cool thy self *Narcissus*, Cool thy self Child; Relieve thy Reason with a Dram of Reflection; ——— 'Tis the Town Talk; the whole Village, and all the Parishes round ring of it ——— I am sure thou wou't not die a Martyr to Falshood ——— Why, thy Engagements there are known to every Body, 'tis no Secret, my Prettiness.

Aura. Ay, Sir, 'tis true; but 'tis not so gallant to enter into

into Particularities of that sort— The' as you say, indeed, I am sensible 'tis no Secret— The Affair has made a Noise; The Fury of the poor Creature's Passion did now and then blind her Discretion— I think this is the Seventh Duel I have engaged in for her and *Flora*; the Seventh, no, the Eighth; there were three Justices, two Excisemen, a Parson and your self—

Mode. Thou art a terrible little Squib— What had *Flora* to do in this Quarrel? What! You have had her too, Hah?

Aura. Ah, Sir, she; But she is marry'd— I am glad of it Faith, very glad of it— Poor Man— Your Friend I mean— I hope he is not apt to be Jealous: In Troth I believe she is Enfant— If his Son and Heir steps into the World a Month or two before the usual Time, I cou'd wish he wou'd rather impute it to the forwardness of his Boy, than the ill Conduct of his Wife.

Mode. Thou art the most impudent, wicked, little, bragging, lying, Son of a Whore, that ever I met with.

Aura. Demme, Sir, Son of a Whore in your Teeth!— What— Because I have repriev'd you, suffer'd you to breathe a Minute or two longer while I diverted you with my Gallantries— You grow insolent.

Mode. Ha, ha— thou art a very Potgun charg'd with Air.

Aura. And thou art a wooden BlunderBuss without any Charge at all; a meer Past-board Gyant: What? I am not such a Pigeon neither to be scar'd with a Goats-hair Beard and a Dagger of Lath.

Mode. Thou most insignificant teizing Terrier, thou Ferret of a Coney-Warren— By Heav'ns, if thou dost provoke me, I will cut thee into minc'd Meat, and have thee dish'd up for thy Mistress's Wedding-Dinner—

[*Mode draws and advances towards Aura.*

Aura. [*Advancing too and presenting a Pistol.*] Put up your Sword; put it up, I say— Death, Sir, this instant or you die! [*Mode puts up his Sword.*] So so—

Mode. Hah! what have you these tricks too, my little Bully?

Aura. Very well; now you have obey'd me, I'll use you like a Gentleman; you have a longer Reach than I, and therefore it may not be so reasonable to engage with single

single Sword—Here, take one of these ; this, or this which you please: [*Presenting Pistols*] You may change it, or draw it and re-charge it, if you suspect my Honour.

Mode. How are they loaded?

Aura. Equally, Sir ; with a Brace of Balls.

Mode. What can be the meaning of all this? Sure the young Dog is not in earnest. [*Aside.*

Enter Freehold.

Free. Hay, my brave Boy! my Cock o' the Game! my Lad of Mettle! my *Cupid* in Arms! there, he stands his Ground to an Inch!—I told you he would find you Sport, my *Covent-Garden* Friend—All I can say is, he shoots flying finely.

Mode. Hah! I am glad you are come, Farmer: We were just going to be serious here—This little huff-bluff Hector will let no Body lye with your Family but himself, it seems: Prithee let us make up this Affair, old Gentleman—Egad, if I am in the wrong—Why?—Methinks it might be better—I don't know—I can't fancy this cool way of Murther with a Flash and a Pop—

Free. Oh, Sir, he is a perfect *Spaniard* with an *Engliffe* Heart—I know him; nothing will satisfy him but your Blood.

Aura. No, Sir—Nothing but your Blood—your Blood—Sir.

Mode. Say you so?—Why then, if nothing else will do, have at you, my Boy—I'll burn your fair Perriwig, i faith.

Free. Look to your Flint and your Prime, are they in right Order?

Aura. I warrant you—Please to stand wide a little, Sir ; a Ball may graze [*To Free.*]—Now come on, Sir—For want of a Cloak let us retreat from each other five Yards, then turn round upon our Heels at one Motion and let fly—Are you ready?

[*They retire and turn round, Mode ly fires, and Aura drops as if shot.*

Free. Oh, he is shot! he is kill'd! my poor Boy is murthered.

Mode. What have I done? Curse on my stiddy Hand.

Free. Help—Murther, Murther, help—

Mode.

The Customs of the Manor.

55

Model. Say you so? Nay, then 'tis time to leave one; by your Leave, as fast as my Feet or my Fears can carry me.—

[*Exit Modely. Country Fellows come in. Exit all but Freehold and Aura.*]

Aura. What, are they gone? Is the Stage clear?

Free. Hah, let me kiss thee, my dear little Girl; this was admirably perform'd: I was afraid you durst not have stood the Powder.

Aura. No, no — I put in but half a Charge, and no Wadding; I had really much ado to provoke him to fight; so, so, we'll show him a little Country Play now; we'll teach him to ravish, I warrant.

Free. Well — I must wait upon his Companion — *Honest Heartwell* — He expects me to attend him to Sir *John's*, according to his Wife's Request.

Aura. Do so; while I slip the back way thro' the Orchard into the Hall-house and undress, that I may be with you time enough to finish my Part; this is a Day of Business, i'faith. [Exit.]

SCENE *The Hall of Sir John's House.*

Enter Doublejugg and Timothy Shackleguire.

Shack. Verily, Madam *Betty* hath invited every Creature in the Parish to Morrow.

Doub. And Sir *John* has commanded me to throw the Cellar Doors open, and make the whole Country reel — Here will be brave Randing i'faith; all the Steeples in the County are to rock — and I have summon'd together all the Bagpipes, Taber., Drums, Trumpets, and the whole Fraternity of Cats-guts within seven Miles round.

Shack. One would imagine Madam *Betty* stood Candidate for the County.

Doub. And was to drink her Way to *Westminster* thro' a Sea of *October*.

Shack. What are all these uncommon Preparations design'd for?

Doub. Nay, I don't know; I don't inquire into State Affairs, but I shall know more on't when I am drunk; for then I am very peery.

Shack.

Shack. In the mean time mind your Affairs; we have much Business to do. [Exit Doub.

I must wait here to introduce this strange Gentleman, whom my Master is so fond of.—

Enter Heartwell and Freehold.

Heart. How could you use a Lover so roughly?

Free. A rough Lover should be us'd so: Why he was just going to knock her down—— I suppose that is his Method.

Heart. And the little Girl stood his Fire gallantly.

Free. Oh most heroically; o' my Conscience, I believe she wou'd have fought him in earnest.

Heart. Is he taken?

Free. Ay, ay, we have him fast.

Heart. Well, then let his Fears pay the Price of his Sin: I think his Punishment very just—— But see where old Steddy-muscle stands in Form to introduce us.

Free. Ay, come on now, you shall see a worthy Piece of Antiquity, a right bred old *English* Country Gentleman; one who keeps open House the whole Year round, and yet never took or paid a Penny for a Vote in his Life.

Shack. Sir, with the greatest Submission, if it shall be your Worship's good Pleasure, I will wait on the Company within and know if it shall be their Pleasure to receive you.

[Exit Shack.

Free. Do so, old stiff Rump, do—— This Fellow keeps himself as regular as his Day-book.

Heart. Company! What Company!

Free. A Friend or two only, perhaps, that Sir John has invited to a Dance, or so.

Heart. A Dance; a Friend; Death, you distract me; excuse me to him, I beg you.

Free. No, no; what, you must bear with a little Noise at first: A Bridegroom, and afraid of a Fiddle! But see the Door opens, and the Company are moving towards us.

[The flat Scene opens, and Flora and two Women Servants appear dress'd very genteely. Servants with Candles before them they move down towards Heartwell.

Heart. What's here? Ladies too! so, I find I must run thro' the Impertinence of the Night—— I would give a
Little

Little Finger now to be in Bed, the Curtains drawn and all quiet, with my dear Girl by my Side— So— It seems I must salute 'em— Hah!

Flora. Sir you have stole a Wedding among us here, and we come time enough, I hope to give you Joy of it.

Heart. My Love! my Dear! I am surpris'd! why hast thou chang'd thy self thus from what thou wert?

Flora. I hope my Features are not alter'd with my Dress.

Heart. I swear, my Love, thou canst receive no Addition by Dress, but what will injure the Simplicity of thy Charms— But prithee tell me why have you chang'd your Dress? Sure you must be sensible you wanted nothing to make you victorious in your other Habit.

Flora. To tell you, Sir, the Truth then; I was oblig'd to change my Dress, my Landlord has oblig'd me to it, and you know we Country Folk must obey our Landlords.

Heart. Well, I am satisfied— You have obey'd him then—

Flora. Yes, Sir; but he is a very obstinate self-will'd Man; and I think a little too barbarously insists—

Heart. Insists! upon what?

Flora. Why he insists upon my Performance of *The Custom of the Manor*; and therefore, in order to make me more pleasing in his Eyes, commanded me to dress thus.

Heart. Custom o' the Mannor? Dress your self— Commanded you to be pleasing in his Eyes— What is all this heap of Confusion and Nonsense?

Free. Why, Sir, I'll tell you in short, 'tis this— The Lord of our Manor has claim'd by Prescription, Time out of Mind, and still does claim, the first Night's Lodging of every Tenant's Daughter married here; therefore our Maidens, when they marry, go out of this Parish unless they are willing to pay the Forfeit in Kind.

Heart. What! you are merry; very merry; so, go on: How!

Free. Yet when such an Accident as this happen'd here, he generally us'd to take an Equivalent in Money or Goods. But now he is resolv'd to be paid in Kind; he will take no *Modus*, and for that Reason has sent for you hither to let you know his Claim.

Heart.

Heart. Confound his Claim — Curse upon his Manor and his Custom too; I'll shoot him thro' the Head for having the Insolence to think on't.

Free. Ay; but that is not the Case; that is not the Business, my Friend.

Heart. What Case? What Business? Confound your Impertinence: Out with it!

Free. Why then, suppose your Wife shou'd —

Heart. Shou'd what? I tread upon a Razor's Edge, shou'd what?

Free. Shou'd like this Landlord.

Heart. Like him!

Free. Ay, love him! love him to Distraction; doar upon him — Nay more, be as willing to pay him down this Custom in kind, as he is to receive it.

Heart. Furies! Damnation! What do you mean? [*To his Wife.*] Madam, what does all this tend to?

Free. [*Aside.*] So, so, his Blood circulates finely — Faith, I begin to pity him: What a confounded Hurry his Spirits are in.

Flora. Why 'tis even so, Husband. This Landlord I am oblig'd to love; oblig'd to it by all the Ties of Faith, Honour and Gratitude.

Heart. Oh, very well! Very well. [*Walks about in Disorder.*] Tell me, thou evil Spirit in an Angel's Form — Wherefore was I chosen out to be thus abused, ha!

Free. Because you are a Man of Fortune, Sir; because she hopes in a little time to break your Heart, and enjoy the full Third of two thousand Pound a Year.

Heart. Pray Madam favour me — You see I bear this Affair very calmly — Pray tell me tho'; I suppose 'tis no unreasonable Request — What particular Obligations you have to this Landlord?

Flora. Such Sir, of such a Nature, you force me to repeat 'em, as nothing can dissolve — I love him passionately — and I believe his Affection for me is mutual — Nay, I hope it will endure to the last Moment of my Life.

Heart. That it shall; for I'll put an End to it instantly.
[*Offers to draw, Free. holds him.*]

Free.

Free. Hold, hold: *sic Don Orlando*—draw upon a Woman—Look ye, Sir, erect your Front; hold up your Head, and learn to bear your Fortune like a Husband. I assure you, Sir, your Lady has been at *St. James's*, she has, Sir, and she plays at *Picquet, Ombre, Basses*; yes, and has her Assemblies, Tea-Tables, visiting Days: Together with a polite Taste of every incidental Pleasure thereunto belonging.

Heart, singing. J Tol, lol, lol, — Pray Meim, what's a Clock? I have been marry'd but four Hours, and I am breeding already.—My Wife, it seems, has antedated my Commission.—Get my Horses ready.—I'll ride Post to *Japan*, but I'll be rid of this Affair: But first, I'll cut this Toll-taking Rascal's Throat, a Dog! who shall drink his Skim-Milk? In what a Dream have I been? I'd give all my Estate it were one! Death, let me see him.—What's his Name? Where is he? Who is this Landlord?

Flora. Let your Passion abate a little: Let it ebb a while, recal your Reason, and I'll tell you.—Know then, you are this Landlord, Sir, the sole Lord of this Demesne and me: This Morning I was Mistress of this House, these Servants, and all the dirty Acres within three Miles round us; now they are yours, you are their Master now.

Free. What say you, Sir? Shall the Landlord have his Due or no?

Flora. I was resolv'd, fully resolv'd never to venture on a Husband, till I was certainly convinc'd my Person and not my Fortune was his Aim; that Proof I think you have most generously given me, and I feel myself transported with Joy; when I think I am capable of making you this grateful Return.—I hope you will forgive the little Deceits I have us'd to procure these Assurances.

Heart. My Heart, my Tongue, my Eyes, my Soul o'erflow with Joy. What shall I do to pay this unexampled Goodness?—Give me thy Hand, thy Lips, thy Heart; there let me dwell for ever, I cannot be more happy.

Flora. I thought our Jest grew a little too severe at last: It gave me a Pain to see him suffer so for an imaginary Evil.

Free. Oh! 'twas a Proof of his Passion; 'tis good to

give Nature a Fillip now and then, 'tis like a Race in a frosty Morning; it sets the Blood upon the Flow most difficultly. — But see your Friend in Bonds, Mr. *Modely*.

[*Modely brought in Guarded by two Country Fellows, a Constable, &c.*]

Heart. What! in Captivity, *George*?

Const. An it please your Worship, we have catch'd a Vagrom Man here, who has committed a Murther, as I may say, in Neighbour *Peekholt's* five Acres; and so, Sir, anlike you, we bring him hither to take his Exhibition upon the said Burglary afore Sir *John*.

Heart. Murther'd! Who has he murther'd?

Const. Nea, nea, I know not. — The young Fellow and he beliken ha had some Words abouten their Sweet-hearts, and so he shotten. — That's aw.

Heart. I always told you, *George*, what these wild Ways would bring you to; but you would still run Riot upon every thing; what could you expect?

Mod. Yes, Faith, we have made a very pretty Expedition. — One of us is marry'd, and t'other may be hang'd. — My Comfort is, I shall be out of my Pain first.

Flora. Oh, my Dear, that barbarous Man, it seems, has kill'd one of the prettiest Youths that ever liv'd, the Promise of the finest Gentleman.

Mod. Hah! — a very fine Gentleman truly. — Hearker, Friend, you that are so happy in your Chains, don't insult. — The Wasps have been at those Sweet-meats. — The little Rascal bounc'd of Favours from that very virtuous Lady your Spouse, — and therefore I kill'd him.

Heart. That does not relate to me, my Dear *George*; her Person was her own you know, till within these few Hours. — Prithee now don't mind these Things now, but turn all thy Thoughts on another World. — Think on thy past Life, and tremble.

Mod. A contented one too — mighty good, — I don't doubt, as this was a Gentleman's Duel, I shall have Gentleman's Play for my Life: Keep my Chamber a Month or two touch cold Iron; and come out as free as Liberty. — While you, having beat your poor Wings in vain against the Bars of your Conjugal Cage, sit sullenly moulting.

ing the Remainder of your Feathers, and ficken to Death o' the Pip.

Free. I believe I shall secure that Affair; I can prove pre-meditated Malice; I can prove the Challenge.— And you know very well I saw you shoot him before his Pistol was cock'd.

Mode. So,---so,--- Nay, then my Business is done!--- Thou Devil, what have I done to thee, that thou tormentest me thus.— If I could come at thee, I'd pawn my Credit for one Sin more, and send thee down to the Father of Falshood with a Lye in thy Mouth.

Heart. Don't vex the poor Man so.

Flora. Consider him, I beseech you, as a dying Man.

Heart. True! All his Time will be little enough, don't put him into a Passion now.

Mode. Fools and Cuckolds.— Your Pitty is as contemptible as your Scorn.— Sir, Sir, why do you treat me thus?

Flora. Shall I send for Mr. *Puzzlet*, he will give you some whollome, ghostly Advice; poor Creature, how he Looks!

Mode. Insulting Devil!

Flora. He will show you in a clear Light the Folly of Wenching, and tunnng a Muck after the exorbitant Desires and Lusts of the Flesh.

Heart. Have you no feeling, George? No sense of your Condition?

Mode. Faith, my Friend, barbarous as thou art, I have a Heart that yet relents for thee, tho' thou art thus unkind: I would not live, methinks, to see thee Hen-peck'd round the Parish, hunted like a Craven by a Pullet of thy own Dunghil: No, free thy self like a Man.— Burn Powder first, faith do; dispatch an Ounce of Lead thro' thy unthinking *Pia Mater*, and sleep quietly once for all.

Free. He raves, poor Man, he raves.

Flora. Send for the Parson quickly, before his Reason fails. He looks very wildly.

Heart. Aye,—he may try at least to make him feel.

Free. Ah—I am afraid his Conscience is very Callous.

Heart. Suppose we send for a Doctor and a Surgeon.

Free. And breathe a Vein, and Purge and Shave—Where's Sir John—

Made. Pox o' the Parson, the Doctor, the Surgeon, Sir John, and all of you: What Mr. Constable, am I to be set up here like a Shrove-tide Cock, to be pal'd by every Clown in the Hundred?

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Give you Joy, Cousin Betty, give you Joy: Godso you prog very well for your self— I did not know you went a Husband-hunting all this while— Give you Joy, Sir, give you Joy— What you have stoln a Fortune, and did not know it, very good, very good.

Heart. An Accident only, Sir John, I was walking in the Fields, when a Star shot and took me up into its Orb.

Sir John. That is Nonsense, — but 'tis pretty, very pretty. Come Gentlemen, what will you Drink, what will you Drink. Godso, where is Tim? Where is Tim? Od we will be very merry, I am heartily glad of this Affair; every Man shall buy a Pair of new Lungs, we'll shut our selves up, remove the Cellar into the Great Hall, and make one continual roar of Joy that shall last a Twelve-month.

Heart. Sir, here's an angry Person, an Acquaintance of mine, who has committed a Gentleman's Murther, and is in great haste for his *Mittimus*, pray dispatch him.

Sir John. Godso, I am sorry for it, pray let me know the Case.

Enter Country-fellows, with Aura Prisoner.

Count. An it please your Worship here's another Vagrom that we have taken upon Dispⁿ of his Concerns in the said Murther, and so having Pistols in his Pockets, we ha' brought him afore your Worship.

Sir John. Bring him nearer, shew me his Face, Godso a pretty young Fellow, let me look at him! What? How? Madam Aura as I live. What Whim, what Chimæra— What Adventure put thee into this Habit?

Made. Hah— Aura— I live too in my little Hector's Cloaths, I vow to Gad— Tol lol do! lol— Harkée my little Reprobate Bully.— I am surprisingly rejoiced to see thee, Faith I am! Buſs! Gad I never was so much in Love with thee in my Life.

AURA.

Aura. Will you ravish me again, Mr. Modely? *Mod.* Oh if you do I'll swinge you.

Mode. Hearswell, how dost do? Madam Flora your must Obedient—Joy, Madam, Joy—*Freehold*, Faith thou art a very clever old Gentleman. Sir John I rejoice to see you. — I am prodigiously pleased in Troth, I was in a horrible Cold Sweat just now, tho' my proud Heart wou'd not own it.

Flora. Ah if they cou'd but frighten you into Sobriety once.

Mode. I shou'd sink into a Husband; tho' Faith I find a strange Stir within me about that whimsical Girl there: Hearkee, Madam, dare you venture upon a Rake in full Assurance (as some Ladies have) that your Charms will reduce him?

Aura. And so fall a Martyr to my Pride instead of my Virtue.

Free. Hold, Sir, I have some Interest here, and I don't think you tame enough yet to be married. But if the Girl is foolish enough to venture, why let her own Inclinations lead her; and then if she falls into a Ditch she can't complain of her Guide.

Aura. Indeed I shall not give you that opportunity of being reveng'd.

Mode. Perhaps the Punishment may be mine, my me, trust me, since I can have you no other way.

Aura. I tell you, Sir; you must, before I dare give Credit to you, serve me faithfully at least two whole Years together, and then if we like one another as well as we do now—Why we'll settle our Fortunes and our Inclinations.

Mode. And jog on in the Road of our Fathers.

Aura. Amen. *Mode.* So be it.

Flora. to Sir John. I am sorry to hear your Misfortune, in our Absence it seems the House was robb'd.

Sir John. Codso! ay, ay, a Villanous Story. Cousin. The Duke of Gasconade lay here last Night, ay, his Grace did me the Honour—but he was most barbarously treated, I am in hopes of catching 'em, if I do.

Enter Lurcher to Sir John.

Lurch. Sir, if you please, one Word.

Sir John. Well, what have you to say? I am very busie: what wou'd you have, Friend?

Lurch. Had not you a Man of Quality lodg'd in your House last Night?

Sir John. Yes I had Sir, and what then? what then?

Lurch. You have a Nephew.

Sir John. Hah! what!

Lurch. That Man of Quality was your Nephew.

Sir John. And you are he! Aye 'tis so, 'tis so; why I am struck dumb, ay really, quite speechless—why cou'd a Man who look'd so like Quality de see.—Well, well, 'tis an impudent, a very impudent Age, and verily thou art the most impudent Fellow in it—Codso, I'll have thee hang'd in thy blue Garter and *Bristol* Stones for a Theatrical Peer as thou art.

Lurch. Please to hear me one word; Sir.

Sir John. Ay, ay,—I am your Grace's most obedient humble Servant, and return you my most hearty Thanks for the particular Favours you have bestow'd on the most unworthy of your Creatures: *Hearke*, *Paltroon*, did you never hear of *Scandalum Magnatum* and so forth? but what can you say for your self now, hah!

Lurch. Sir, I say that uncommon Generosity with which you treated me, under that feign'd Character I bore, struck so warmly upon my Mind, I cou'd not bear the Compunction I felt even from my Success; and thus I throw my self upon your Mercy, am ready to restore all I have wrong'd you of, and only beg your Forgiveness.

Sir John aside. This is frankly done, very generously done indeed—In troth the *Rogue* touches me, he has almost brought Tears into my Eyes; I profess he has—what shall I do?

Lurch. Necessity drove hard—My Creditors threaten'd me hourly with a Goal—Nature prompted me to struggle with every difficulty, if you can have a favourable thought of me—

Sir John aside. I profess the young Knave has conquer'd—I profess he has—(turning to *Lurch*.) Well *Dick*, well, if I should venture to restore you to my Family, what Security shall I have you won't return to these Evil ways again, *Dick*?

Lurch,

The Custom of the Manor. 85

Lurch. I must repeat it; it was the most pressing Necessity only that reduced me to these Extremes, if you can forgive me, Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to deserve it.

Sir John. I do, I do forgive thee, Dick—I profess my Heart is so full it runs over at my Eyes.

Lurch. Your extream Goodness covers me with Confusion.

Sir John. Well, will your Grace dismiss the Ragamuffins of your Train, pay the Rascals and send 'em home to their Wives? Like *Falstaff's* Followers, they are safe by being in good Company. Come, come, all is made up; let us have one Trip for it now I beseech you: What a Wedding without a Fiddle, Man, is like a Troop without a Trumpet. Codso, we will Foot it till a good Caper-monger shall be able to copy the Figure of the Dance from our Impressions on the Pavement.

A DANCE.

Heav. Let these Accidents, George, hereafter, when you shall please to think, make you remember, that there is no real lasting Good but in Virtue, and that the greatest Happiness below consists, however Libertines and Half-wits may affect to ridicule it, in honourable Love.

*When Heaven conspicuous Merit wou'd reward,
A Virtuous Woman is the great Reward.
This lovely Blessing sweetens Life alone
Sooths all our Ills, and keeps hard Fortune down;
Gives us an Antepast of Joys above,
Beauty and Virtue, Harmony and Love.*



EPILOGUE.

For Mrs. Santlowe in Boys Cloaths.

Criticks, the Poet's Champion here I stand;
Lo! in his Name, the Combat I demand;
'Tis my Opinion that his Cause is good,
And I'll defend it with my Heart's best Blood;
I'll push you, my bold Boys, the round Parade,
Cart over Arm, or Terse, or Flanconade.
—Cods! these Breeches have so fir'd my Brain,
I shan't be easie till I've kill'd my Man:
What! not one Beau step forth to give me Battle;
Where are those pretty Things that us'd to tattle
Such tender Nonsense?—But they're, all so civil,
They hate a naked Weapon; 'tis the Devil.
—Now let me dye, my Dear, Sir Coxcomb cries,
You want no other Weapons, but your Eyes.
I hate these fawning Triflers; and declare
Against all Smock-fac'd Criticks open War.
Know Gentlemen, the Poet's my Ally,
And I'll defend him to the Last, or die,
My Sword is out; I'll never basely rue,
Nor sheath it while my Enemy's in View;
No Bribes, no Tricks, no Wheedling of my Face,
Include us both in Treaty if you please.
But Faith, I'll never make a separate Peace.
No, ye French Heroes, I'll not take your Word,
You'll beat a Man when you have got his Sword;
Ay, that's your Play,—I know you, Sirs, of old,
You Bully like the Devil—with your Gold;
What must we do then?—Settle Plenipo's,
And bravely Sword in Hand treat with our Foes.
To you we fly, ye Charitable Fair,
To put an end to this Dr. matick War;
Your Smiles will cause all hostile Affects cease,
And make a lasting, honourable Peace.

E I N I S.

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